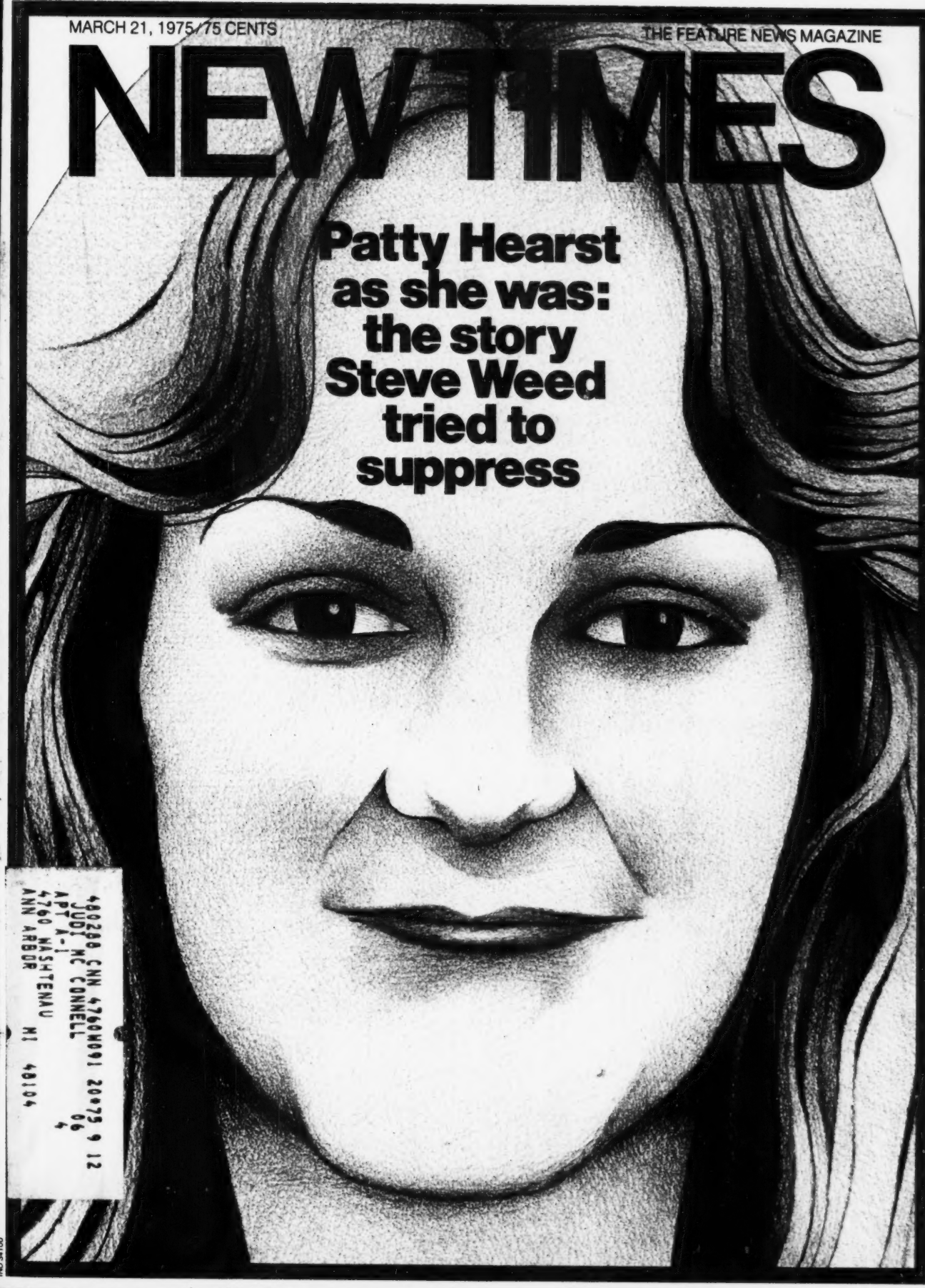
MARCH 21, 1975/75 CENTS

THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

NEW TIMES

Patty Hearst as she was: the story Steve Weed tried to suppress



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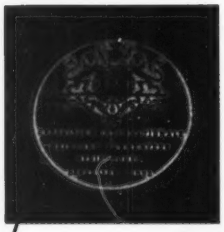

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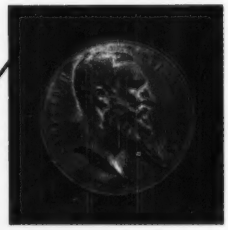
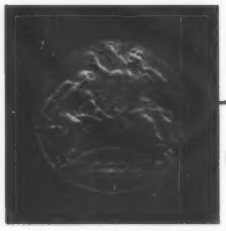
Antwerp, 1894



London, 1888

Zurich, 1930



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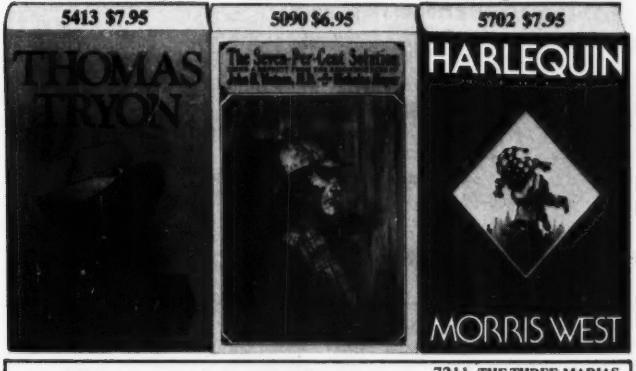

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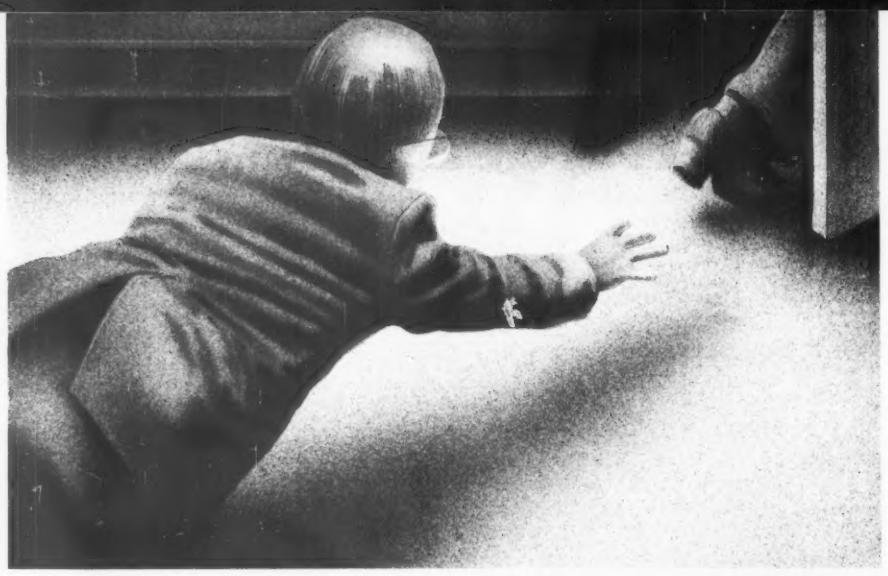

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NEW TIMES is published bi-weekly by New Times Communications Corp. One Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016. George A Hirsch, President. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York and at additional mailing offices. Subscription price $12.00 per year, $2.00 additional for Canada, $5.00 additional for all other foreign.

Direct all SUBSCRIPTION CORRESPONDENCE orders, change of address, etc. to NEW TIMES, P.O. Box 2948, Boulder, Colorado 80302
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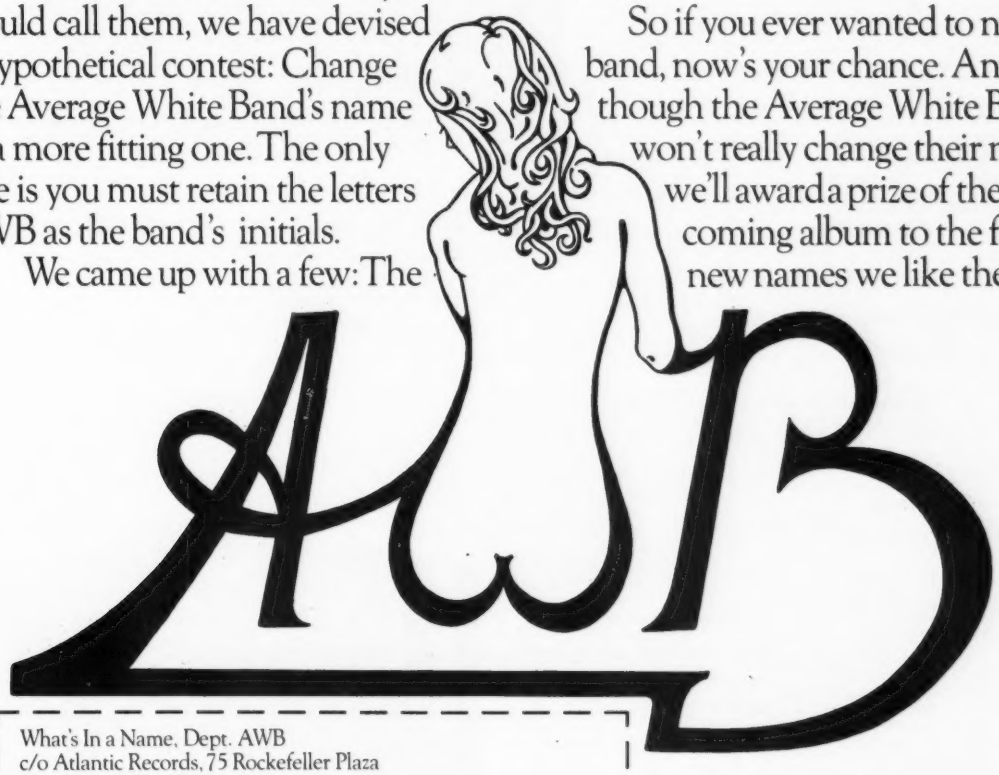

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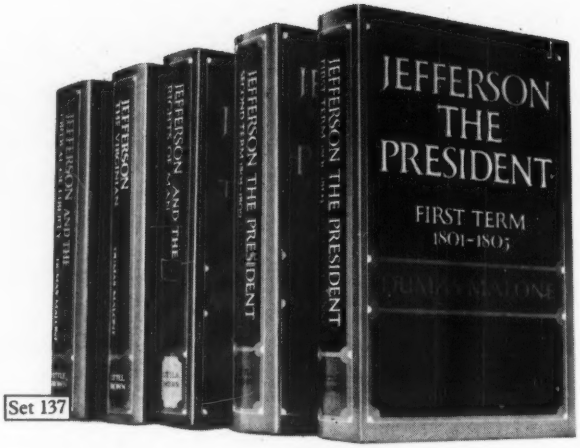

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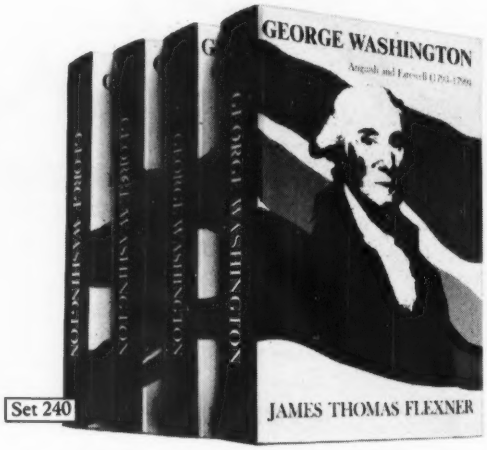

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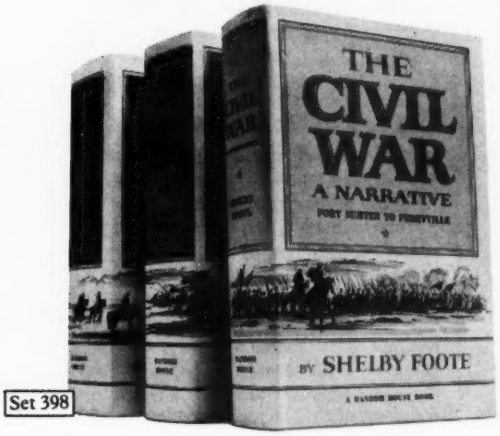

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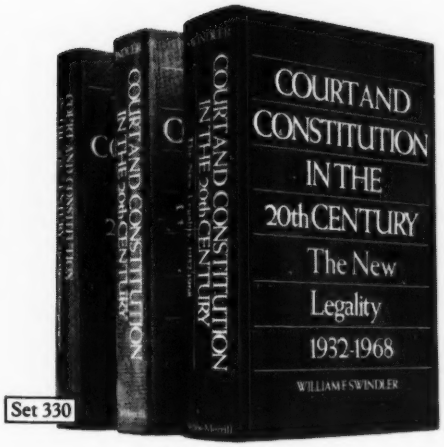

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LETTERS

Born of prejudice

At long last an American journalist has had the courage to write, and an American magazine has had the courage to print, the other side of a longstanding international tragedy ("Israel's ugly little war," March 7). For too long the American public has, through ignorance born of prejudice, given the Israelis the moral license to kill indiscriminately. For too long Palestinian raids have been termed "massacres," while equally devastating Israeli raids are termed "retaliation." For too long the Israeli side of the story has been given carte blanche acceptance by the majority of American journalists.

What is perhaps the most sadly ironic fact is this: If this aggression were being committed by any nation other than Israel and the victims were any people other than the Arabs, the people of the United States would realize what an enormous wrong had been done and would attempt to correct it. My congratulations to Judith Coburn and to *New Times* for their coverage.

James W. Hughes
Boston, Massachusetts

Does Judith Coburn suggest that the proper moral response to a murderer is to allow oneself to be murdered and then to be carried to the grave by neutral bystanders who applaud the dead for their moral superiority? Who initiated the destructive activity along the Lebanese-Israeli border?

Ms. Coburn counts the number of murdered children in Maalot only in one fused number of Israelis killed in recent years. Does she believe that justice would have been achieved if one Lebanese child had been killed to "balance" the prior murder of one Israeli child? Quantification of dead people means nothing. He who initiates destruction (and it's rarely those human beings who have been murdered) deserves far more destruction done unto him than he who responds to destructive acts. An eye for an eye does not bring about justice, since he who took the first eye was the cause of at least two eyes being lost, not one. Whoever initiated the massacre of the children at Maalot is directly responsible for the pain and death of the innocent Lebanese. Ms. Coburn conveniently avoids clear reference to the timing of the destructive events. How fashionable of her to see the events in that area through Arab-colored glasses!

Rhona L. Pavis
Potomac, Maryland

I was quite surprised to read Judith Coburn's story on the Israeli bombing of Southern Lebanon. It is certainly a rare occurrence for a national publication to print anything less than flattering about Israel. And having written on the subject myself, I am painfully aware that anyone who challenges the popular stereotype of the Israelis as the "good guys" and the Arabs as the "bad guys" is sure to be bombarded with accusations of an anti-Israeli bias or even branded an anti-Semite.

Hopefully, as long as there are some publications such as *New Times* that are not afraid to put forth the unpleasant facts, there is yet a chance that Americans will exchange their pro-Israeli partisanship for an outlook based on objectivity and fairness. Only then can American influence be effective in securing peace in the Middle East.

Peter Frawley
Cambridge, Massachusetts

The Judith Coburn article, "Israel's ugly little war," is what you get when you send a Miss out to do a Ms.'s work. (Is the contrast to the title "big beautiful wars"?) This is not reporting, but payment of an emotional debt to Senator Abourezk.

What I want to know from you, Mr. Editor, is why this article appears at a time when there is a well-orchestrated campaign to put down Israel? And why did you send a reporter inexperienced with the problems of the Mideast? Don't tell me *New Times* is getting new money from Arab investors!

The Israelis, by insisting on maintaining control of their own territory against the wishes of their Arab neighbors, are doing so at their own consciously acknowledged risk—no Israeli is an innocent bystander. The Lebanese, by allowing the guerrillas to raid Israel from their country, have made a conscious decision to accept the risk that this course entails—so neither are there any innocent Lebanese. Once and for all, let's put this "innocent victim" rhetoric to rest; it's a form of special pleading that merely identifies the writer's bias.

Eli Passin
New York, New York

Editor's Note: "Innocent victim" rhetoric, as you call it, reflects not only a bias of Ms. Coburn, but of the editors as well.

Curves at Berkeley

I read with considerable interest your February 21st article "The Straightening of America." Although the writer may be correct in his interpretation of events as regards the mainly eastern population from which he took his example, I would like to provide what may be a more accurate interpretation of student consciousness as exemplified on the Berkeley campus of the University of California.

The Berkeley student community is renowned for the quality of its political and social activism, having provided momentum to the Free Speech Movement, the inclusion of Third World culture into the teaching curriculum, demonstrations and arguments against the Vietnam debacle, support of rent strikes and community participation, etc.

On the issue of the increase in percentages of those choosing professional careers in medicine and law, we believe that it is not only necessary but desirable to infuse these professions with new blood and concepts that will hopefully alter the existing philosophical orientations of these groups.

Furthermore, the increase in studying observed by Dean Verstandig should be seen in a favorable, rather than an unfavorable, light. If the developing crop of graduates is to effectuate meaningful change in the institutions that brought us the Vietnam War, Watergate and other atrocities, then they will have to be informed as well as aware. The activists on our campus militate and protest with one hand clutching a book. Certainly the decrease in use of psychedelic drugs can also be viewed as a pragmatic response to the existing social order.

Don Gillies
Academic Affairs Vice-President
Berkeley, California

The fact is. . .

I fear that the article "The 30-second star" (February 7) will encourage many would-be actors to waste a great deal of money attending schools that claim to train commercial actors. The fact is that in 1974 the top 20 commercials performers (not counting such established stars as Henry

Fonda, etc.) never attended any commercial-training schools, and most of them never attended any acting schools, either.

In the business, commercial actors are known to have certain looks and voices but are not thought to be "talented" performers/actors. The quickest way to get thrown out of any casting office is to present a list of commercial credits or a commercial (or acting) school diploma.

Morris Katz
Vice-President
CBS Casting Department
New York, New York

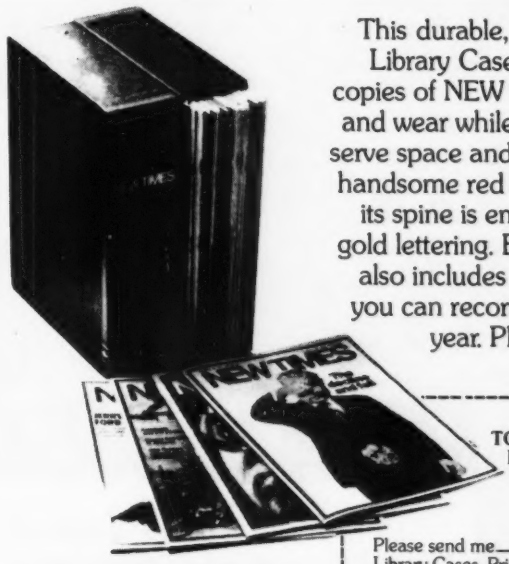
The ghost of Tiny past

Just read your article on Tiny Tim ("The wising up of Tiny Tim," February 21) and it made me so sad—also nostalgic.

About 1957, when I was 16, I worked in Woolworth's after school and first met TT—we then called him Herbie Love. He used to come in and buy Lady Esther cold cream—told me how good it was for his skin, etc. Even then he always called girls "Miss." I was Miss Barbara, my friends were Miss Mary, Miss Ginny, Miss Noreen—and that was that. We all knew him from the neighborhood (Washington Heights) and eventually began inviting him to parties—teenage parties—where he would bring his uke and sing—same voice as today. His two favorite numbers were "40 Miles to Lake Carmel" and "Who Stole Baby's Bottle from the Drawer." Even then, though, there were people who wanted—and did—take advantage of him. Needless to say, he was an oddity—looks and behavior. No one had hair like that in those days—long and sort of kinky and unkempt. I think a lot of people assumed he was homosexual—not us girls 'cause we didn't know quite what that was, but later on in years, when we all got together, some of the fellows said they thought it was true. Well anyway, he'd be at a party and people would start to laugh and try to hurt his feelings, but he didn't realize it. He thought that any kind of recognition was a sign of friendship, and that's what he wanted so much—to have friends. When we came to be better acquainted, he would wait for me after work and walk me home—at which point my mother would be looking out the tenement window and practically have a coronary attack. Older people couldn't understand him—and probably neither did I or my friends, but we liked him anyway.

I moved from that neighborhood in 1960 and didn't even think about him until he became so popular—and was absolutely delighted for him. But even then it was obvious he would be ripped off by someone. I never realized it would be to the degree that you describe in your article, though.

Barbara Carr
New York, New York



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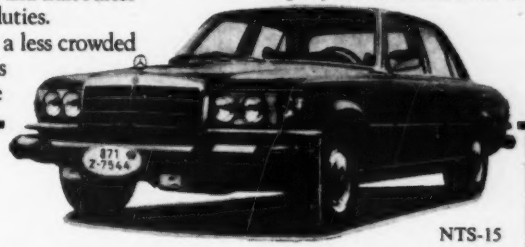

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New Times. Think of us as the Mighty Mouse of magazines.

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But that doesn't mean NEW TIMES isn't busting evil in the chops, fighting for the little guy, stripping the pants off phonies and generally shaking hell out of the establishment.

Like Mighty Mouse, we are small but powerful feisty. Out of all proportion to size, we make waves. Strike fear in evil hearts. Give the tremble to fat cats. Shake the rafters. The Mouse that Roars, that's us.

Some recent roars.

Every two weeks, NEW TIMES comes along with a stick or two of dynamite in its fist.

There was our story on "The Ten Dumbest Congressmen," with NEW TIMES' nomination for King of Dumb. You should have heard the screams on that one, including a well-attended press conference called by the King himself. There was "Prescription Payola," about doctors who are willing to risk your life for a color TV. There was "Southie Is My Home Town," a look at the people of South Boston you didn't find in any of the other media. (After a century of getting the shaft, maybe they had reasons for coming off as brawling racists.)

In "The Little Camera That Couldn't," NEW TIMES dissected Polaroid's SX-70, as a symbol of a consumer economy gone wild. In "A Wallace Is a Wallace Is a Wallace," we looked underneath the new moderate George and found—guess what—the same old George. In "Happy Days Are Here Again," we saw the new depression as upbeat—a chance for new lifestyles and the whole Whole Earth thing. In "Zen and the Art of the Perfect Backhand," we told you how to trust your body and ignore your old tennis instructor.

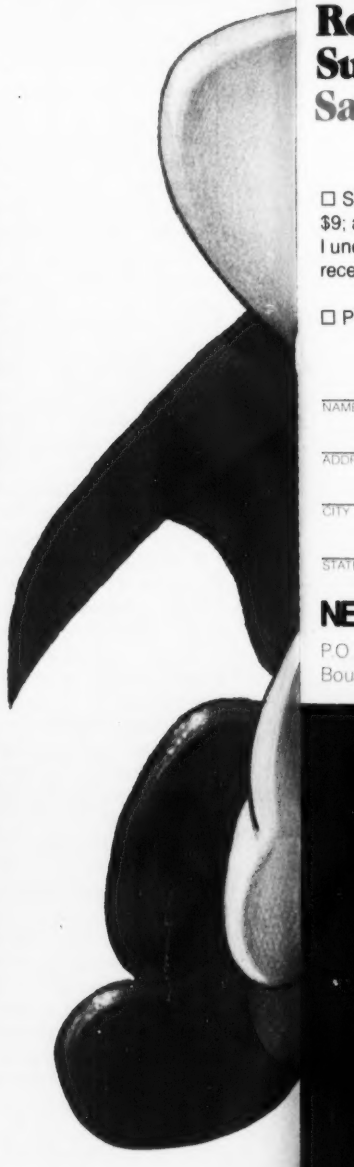
"The Gourmet Freeze-Out" ripped the foil off the big restaurant rip-off that's serving up mass-produced frozen dishes as expensive house specialties. "The Consulting Con Game" laid bare a cushy professorial racket. "They Shoot Ten-Year Olds, Don't They?" was a heartwarming look at New York's shootin' cops with their 007 license to kill just about anybody they want to. "That Championship Season" stripped the cover-up from the sex scandal that decimated Notre Dame's football team.

Is NEW TIMES mad all the time?

Golly, no. Don't get the idea we do nothing but dredge up embarrassing facts and tweak important noses. NEW TIMES is *the magazine of what's happening* and that's a spectrum that includes love and music and lifestyles and movies and all manner of rare new ideas. For instance, we reported on Erhard Seminars Training (est), one of the most fascinating of the new life therapies. We got inside the world of bisexuality. We published our *own* medical research on pot—"Attention: Smoking Grass May Be Good for Your Health."

And of course we continue to report on the eternal battle of The Little Guys vs. The Big Guys. Like the story on Sam Lovejoy, who toppled the big bad nuclear tower. And the young hillbillies of Mendocino County who were damned if they'd let their houses be torn down for lack of city plumbing.

Our bright, brash, talented writers and columnists—like Robert Sam Anson, Jesse Kornbluth, Marcia Seligson, Larry King, Amanda Spake, Jim Kunen, Mark Goodman, Frank



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Rich, Janet Maslin and Nina Totenberg—have one thing in common. They're unafraid. They'll plunge into anything, take chances and stands, crawl way out on limbs. Sure, NEW TIMES may fall on its face sometimes. But never on its knees!

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What *is* in a name?

SLOW DOWN

By James S. Kunen

I don't know when it started, but names are going to hell.

I felt at home in the world when shampoos had names like "Halo," and football teams were called the "Philadelphia Eagles," and bands went by handles like the "Del Vikings." Now I'm supposed to live with shampoos called "Gee Your Hair Smells Terrific," and football teams with singular tags like "The Philadelphia Bell," and bands with post-psychedelic-derivative names like "Mahogany Rush"; and I don't like it.

That's why I'm happy to tell you about a couple of naming competitions—two chances for us to strike back.

It seems last November a man by the name of Alex Parker bought the Allied Chemical Tower, né the Times Tower, a.k.a. No. 1 Times Square, and at midnight on New Year's Eve, he smashed a bottle of champagne on it and un-named it. It is now dubbed the No Name Building, and though I think that's a pretty good moniker, Mr. Parker wants to rename it again, and he's going to announce a public competition to do it. Whoever submits the winning name will win some sort of prize, though the real prize, I should think, would be the satisfaction of naming the building which dominates the Square which used to be called The Crossroads of the World.

It has also come to my attention that NASA has decided it needs more "catchy" names for its projects. They renamed the Earth Resources Technology Satellite Program "Landsat," and their oceanographic satellite program "Seasat." At that point they decided they needed help. They're soliciting new names (send 'em to NASA Headquarters, Washington) for the "Space Shuttle," a reusable vehicle to ferry men and machines to earth orbit and back. Leave aside for the moment whether the Shuttle program should exist at all. (A lot of things that don't exist have names: the International Communist Conspiracy, the Free World, the Free Enterprise System, to name a few. As a matter of fact, when things don't exist is when their names are most important. But that's another story.) We're putting a lot of money into the Shuttle, and we're going to hear a lot about it. It may as well be easy on the ear.

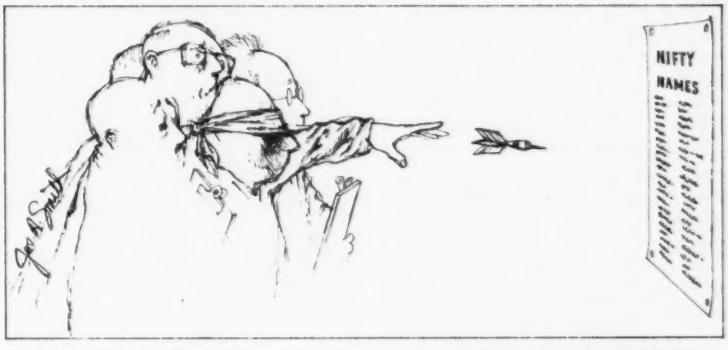
What chance have you got, in a naming competition, against the market research technocrats and their computers, you ask? A *good* chance. You're the solution. *They're* the problem. The degeneration of nomenclature is the fault of the pointy heads in the name game, who work by process of elimination, thinking names down, instead of thinking them up.

When Standard Oil (New Jersey) decided they needed a single name to replace the regional trademarks "Esso," "Enco" and "Enjay," their experts in linguistics, design, psychology and statistics toiled for three years. They started out with 10,000 names, some produced by computer. They studied the world's principal languages to avoid objectionable meanings or connotations. ("Enco" was eliminated because in Japanese it means "stalled car.") They examined 15,000 telephone directories lest they pick something already taken. They did linguistic studies of 55 languages to make sure *everybody* would be able to pronounce the new trademark. They interviewed 7,000 people, doing word association tests to find a trademark that sounded "positive and progressive." They noted that a double x would be distinctive, because, except in proper names, it occurs in no language except Maltese. Finally, they set up prototype signs on an abandoned airstrip in a remote area of South Carolina, and drove executives past them at various speeds, at night and in daylight, to judge how the name looked. After all that labor—and at a cost (including implementation of the changeover) of something like $100 million—they brought forth the wondrous new name "Exxon." This from a company which in the past 90 years had used and discarded such truly mellifluous brand names as "Polarine," "Stanacola," "Aladdin," "Eupion," and "Astral" Oil.

Exxon! For this they needed a computer? We'll be better off sticking with the traditional methods of arriving at a name: individual genius, luck and Divine Inspiration.

George Eastman—*he* didn't have computers, but he was smart. He wanted to coin a trademark for his pocket camera which "must be short, incapable of being misspelled, with a vigorous and distinct personality," he wrote. "The letter 'k' has been a favorite with me. It seems a strong, incisive sort of letter." It was also the first letter of his mother's maiden name. Filial devotion served him well.

A certain Dr. Bunting—*he* didn't have computers, but he was on fortune's good side. A Baltimore pharmacist, 50 years ago he was selling a new vanishing cream, which he called "Dr. Bunting's Sunburn Remedy." One day a customer declared, "Your cream *knocked* my *eczema!*" The rest is history.



Or take Harley Procter. *He* didn't have computers, but a name *came to him.* The manufacturer of a slow-selling product then named "White Soap," Procter was sitting in church one Sunday in 1879 when he heard Psalm 45 read. Verse 8 struck him like a thunderbolt: "your robes are all fragrant with myrrh and aloes and cassia. From *ivory* palaces stringed instruments make you glad." A star was born.

Somewhere in the language there lurk great names for the building and space project. I suppose changing names is not what you'd call dealing with the substance of our problems. But substance isn't everything. Until we change the world, we can at least make it sound good. ●

ILLUSTRATION BY JOSEPH SMITH

Dumb "Intelligence"

FULMINATIONS

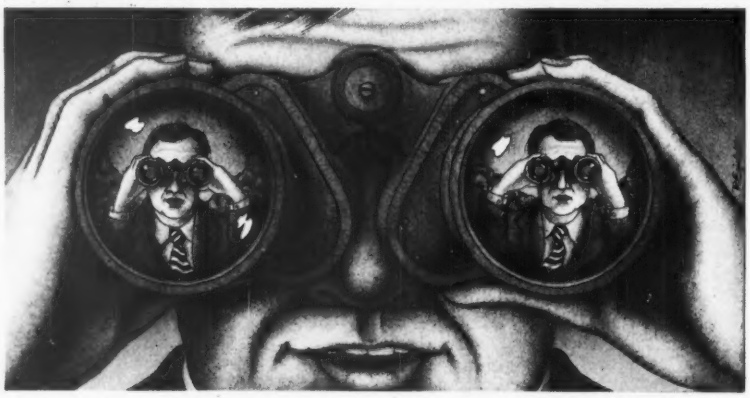
By Larry L. King

The thing that strikes this good citizen about all the wiretaps, dossier-keeping and other creepy meddling increasingly coming to light is that such dumb "intelligence" seems to have been produced. Somewhere, surely, among the endless taps or tapes of our keyhole peepers, there must repose secrets worth more than a buck ninety-eight. Most examples of which we know, however, show an incredible ineptness among our prying spooks. The only one apparently to have gathered truly damaging information was Richard Nixon, who made the slight mistake of getting the goods on himself. Whether the meddlers have gone after military intelligence, domestic radicals or troublesome congressmen suspected by J. Edgar Bullpup, they often have shot wide of the mark.

Granted, there must have been successful foreign operations of which we remain unaware; military or CIA spooks rarely are permitted their public brags. One cannot help, however, but recall some notable failures. Our spooks failed to warn in 1950 that North Korea had it in mind to invade South Korea; in the midst of that unsatisfactory war, General MacArthur assured President Truman—on the word of his intelligence sources—that Red China would not enter it. Sure enough, the Chinese amassed their troops across the Yalu undetected and howled in to slaughter U.N. forces in the early going.

Our spies were caught off-base when Egypt's Nasser seized the Suez Canal, when Hungarians attempted a revolt against occupying Soviets, when East Germany began construction of the Berlin Wall. They sadly overestimated the success potential at the Bay of Pigs, failed to learn that Russia was building missile sites in Cuba in time to prevent nuclear saber-rattling, and among a thousand miscalculations in Vietnam discerned no hints of the 1968 Tet Offensive. When Mel Laird's special forces arrived in North Vietnam to dramatically spring American POWs, the prisoners had been gone for several weeks. Our spooks did not warn of the most recent Middle East war; they seemed startled when the oil nations suddenly thumbed their noses at the industrial nations. So when CIA chief William Colby or columnist William Buckley (who once worked for E. Howard Hunt's CIA operations in Mexico) warn that prying legislators may harm our "intelligence" operations abroad, I am disposed to ask whether such theoretical damage is possible.

E. Howard Hunt's recent book, *Undercover: Memoirs of an American Secret Agent*, in which that Watergate convict attempts to justify his life as a CIA and White House spook, is, alas, a sad story. Even in pathetically attempting to gild his lilly, Mr. Hunt makes his spy's life sound grubby, chaotic and mundane. Hopping around the globe at taxpayers' expense, Hunt and his associates occupy themselves by dropping propaganda leaflets, tinkering with minor street demonstrations or causing questionable burglaries and telephone taps. One gains the impression of a huge, muddled, mindless, big-spending bureaucracy born blind—one preoccupied with feuds among its ambitious climbers and their jealous counterparts in sister "intelligence" services.



Though the Hunt-McCord-Liddy Watergate team had been provided generous funding and high blessings, they produced nothing of value. Their walkie-talkie batteries malfunctioned. Their lock picker, having left his better tools behind in Miami, had small luck in picking locks. Their fatal Watergate entry, to tap the phone and rifle the files of Democratic National Chairman Larry O'Brien, occurred after Mr. O'Brien had largely moved his operations to the site of his party's national convention. The spooks cut themselves on broken glass, bugged the wrong phones inexpertly, left tape on doors to be discovered by a random watchman; when caught, they toted incriminating address books and huge sums of money easily traceable to Nixon funding operations. In short, they left behind more clues than a bleeding elephant in a snowstorm and panicked at the first trackings.

As for the FBI, if it's so all-fired efficient, then where in this world is Patty Hearst? Why didn't the late J. Edgar and his storied G-men effectively stop the terrorisms of the past decade, or put the Mafia out of business? How come the narcs flounder in a sea of dope traffic while netting maybe one in a million pushers? With all the snooping ranging from the Army to Ma Bell's telephone boys, how come more major mischief hasn't been discovered? Funny, ain't it?

Well, no. Just suppose for a moment, fellow Americans, that this is what They now *want* us to believe: that all our intelligence sources are somehow bumbling or comic and, therefore, are not to be taken seriously. What better cover for agencies now being investigated by the Congress, the press and even by small groups of private citizens fretting over excessive official spying? We now know for certain that J. Edgar's long-rumored private files—the better to intimidate prominent folks who might cross him—did, indeed, exist. We know that JFK, LBJ and RMN caused the CIA and the FBI to illegally trample the civil rights of *their* enemies. There are good reasons to believe that the CIA has, indeed, been involved in foreign assassinations. Murder. Political murder. If political murder can happen there, what assurances have we that it can't happen here? Maybe, good neighbors, we no longer can afford to quickly laugh at those bumbling examples now ostentatiously provided by our former spooks. The suspicion is that some of them, at least, have performed with more deadly efficiency than the record shows. ●

ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD EGIELSKI

Abby Rockefeller's royal flush

THE INSIDER

POWER POLITICS

Last guys finish nice

The Ford administration is beginning to take on the air of a retirement home for defeated Republican congressmen. Since the beginning of the year, Ford has named no fewer than 11 ex-GOP congressmen to Administration posts. At least 10 other Republican losers are under consideration, according to the White House. Those already named include former Colorado Senator Peter Dominick, ambassador to Switzerland; Earl Ruth of North Carolina, governor of American Samoa, the highest paid of the lot at $45,000 a year; Colorado's Donald Brotzman and California's Victor Veysey, assistant secretaries at the Defense Department; Wilmer ("Vinegar Bend") Mizell of North Carolina, assistant secretary of commerce; Illinois' Robert Hanrahan, assistant secretary of HEW; Lawrence Williams of Pennsylvania, assistant to the co-chairman of the Ozarks Regional Commission; William Scherle of Iowa, assistant administrator at the Agriculture Department; LaMar Baker and Dan Kuykendall, both of Tennessee, special consultants to the Department of Transportation; and former Missouri Senator Thomas Curtis, member of the Federal Elections Commission.

WIDE WORLD

Mizell: Losing pays

The total salary tab for the newly appointed losers exceeds $300,000, and that may be just the beginning. Jerry Ford doesn't forget friends.

Affirmative inaction

If John Dunlop, the nominee to replace Peter Brennan as labor secretary, is confirmed as expected in the next month, many believe he could move right in as a chief economic policy maker at the White House. Described by friends and foes alike as "one tough cookie," Dunlop is a former Harvard economics professor and Cost of Living Council chairman whose main appeal is a flexible and nondoctrinaire approach to economic problems.

WIDE WORLD

Dunlop: Commitment questioned

One area, however, where Dunlop's record of toughness may come into conflict with the law is in the affirmative action hiring of women and minorities by government contractors. While dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences at Harvard University between 1970 and 1973, Dunlop was one of the most vocal opponents of federal affirmative action requirements. As labor secretary, he would be in charge of enforcing that program.

Mary Berry, who was head of the HEW higher education enforcement program in early 1972 and is now a University of Maryland provost, says of Dunlop: "He is responsible for most of what was in the Harvard plans. The plans did not provide any effective way for hiring women and minorities." Another federal compliance official in the Office of Civil Rights who dealt with Dunlop says he was "recalcitrant from the very beginning."

In February 1970 the Office of Civil Rights officials informed Harvard that it would withold two contracts until an acceptable affirmative action program was submitted. A draft plan was ruled unacceptable.

By the summer of 1973 five plans had been submitted and rejected. Shortly after Dunlop left to become director of the Cost of Living Council, an acceptable plan was finally filed. Nonetheless, a Civil Rights Commission report issued two months ago states that in November 1973 Harvard was "given compliance status although the Office of Civil Rights recognized that the university's plan did not conform with executive order requirements." Attached to the acceptance was a three-page list of deficiencies.

Money talks

The new limits on payments to congresspersons for speeches and articles, which went into effect on the first of the year, will likely influence the incomes of about half those in the

WIDE WORLD

Abourezk: Money talks

Senate. Many senators nearly lived off generous honoraria, but now the law puts a modest $1,000 maximum on any single speech and sets the annual ceiling at $15,000.

According to the last available reports, compiled for 1973, South Dakota Senator James Abourezk was the highest remunerated senator after Hubert Humphrey. The interesting aspect of Abourezk's $49,425 total is that $47,025—or 95 percent—came from 10 speaking engagements before groups of Arab Americans. Abourezk is the first Lebanese to serve in the Senate, and he is an outspoken critic of extensive American support to Israel.

Potent brew

Three days before a recent vote on the Equal Rights Amendment, Indiana State Senator Martin "Chip" Edwards, the chairman of the committee considering the measure, received an ominous note in the mail. He was warned by two women that if the amendment did not pass, a curse placed on the chemically treated stationery would render him impotent. The legislation was subsequently killed, but Edwards is not one who takes the matter of manhood lightly. The same day the bill failed, he visited the Indiana University Medical School and had a complete physical.

Capitol investment

In 1968, when student protests were swirling around Washington, talk of building a new security system for the Capitol complex began in earnest. Next month, after more than a year of construction, and at a cost of over $5 million, an elaborate system will begin operation. The costliest ($3.2 million) and most visible outlay went to the 109 closed-circuit cameras spaced throughout the Capitol and slated to operate 24 hours a day. They will be monitored from a large central control unit underneath a now unused Senate subway tunnel entrance. In addition, "perimeter detection" devices have been installed in the steam tunnels under the Capitol.By sensing heat and motion, the devices are designed to uncover intruders—or, more ominously, kidnappers and their hostages—who attempt to enter or escape by way of the tunnels.

Only one important device was ultimately rejected: a huge camera, replete with infrared lens, which would have scanned the surrounding area from a perch atop the Capitol building.

WIDE WORLD

Abby Rockefeller and her Clivus Multrum

SEVENTIES

Waste not, want not

Abby Rockefeller departed from the family style early on. As a feminist organizer, she has been active in such projects as Cell 16, Female Liberation and journals like *No More Fun and Games*. And now she has gone into the waste disposal business.

As president of Clivus Multrum, USA, a new Cambridge-based company, Ms. Rockefeller is manufacturing an object that environmental journals are hailing as the hottest thing to hit waste disposal since Thomas Crapper invented the flush toilet. Clivus (Latin for "inclining") Multrum (Swedish for "compost heap") simply allows one to defecate into a toilet chamber that utilizes the heat given off by bacterial digestion to carry odor-laden air up a ventilation shaft. The device is maintenance free and requires no water or chemicals.

The company estimates that a Clivus Multrum would save the average family 40 to 50 percent of the water it normally uses, or about 10,000 gallons per person per year. By composting human waste, the device would create 70 pounds of useful fertilizer annually per person. According to one journal, it could produce $3 billion worth of fertilizer in this country alone, if it was widely used. Finally, because the sewage isn't routed into rivers and streams, it would slow the pollution of the country's waterways.

Only 35 of the devices are operating now in this country, largely because of the difficulty of installation in existing housing and the reluctance of public health authorities to accept it until they are sure the waste can be disposed of as topsoil. Present prices range between $950 and $1,300 but could drop with mass production.

Church in the lurch

Trying to calculate the immense wealth of the Catholic Church has long been a futile effort, but the recent collapse of Franklin National Bank on Long Island, in which the Vatican was a major shareholder, has cracked things open a bit. The Church has admitted to a major budget deficit for the current year, estimated by one Vatican adviser at about $54 million.

That the Church, whose investment policy was considered as conservative as its overall outlook, should sustain such losses is shocking by itself. But an investigation by reporters from the London *Sunday Times* has unearthed a log of financial intrigue in partnership with Sicilian financier Michele Sindona which may have cost the Vatican upwards of $250 million in actual losses. That would be more than half of the Church's entire portfolio of stocks, bonds and other liquid investments (not to be confused

BLACK STAR

Hard times for Pope Paul

with its holdings in real estate and art treasures).

The losses came about, according to the *Times*, by virtue of the Pope's desire to inject more pizazz into the Church's staid portfolio of blue chips. At Sindona's suggestion, the Pontiff enthusiastically approved such heady purchases as Eurodollars and currency features.

When the economic boom collapsed recently, the Church was left with huge losses. Meanwhile Sindona, the disaster's maestro and a man *Time* magazine once called "the most successful Italian since Mussolini," has been served with an arrest warrant by Italian authorities on charges relating to the scandal.

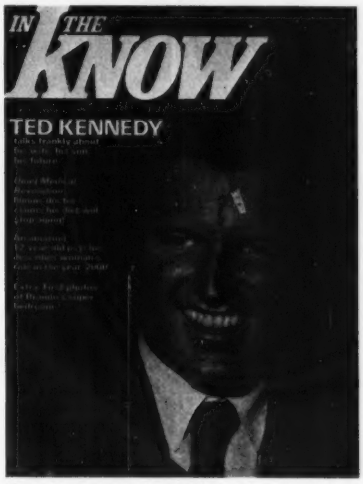
MEDIA

People-Eater

Time Inc.'s slick gossip "pic and caption" magazine, *People*, with a circulation well over a million, will be getting competition in a few weeks from a new publication titled *In the Know*. The magazine, which some feel is simply a rip off of *People*, will be published by Sterling's Magazines, formerly a Warner Communications Company and now run by ad-man Sanford Schwarz. The official word on *In the Know* is that "starting somewhere in the area where *People* pioneered, we're going to be more adventurous," but clearly the differences between the two won't be major. *In the Know*'s promotional material is calling the magazine "Sterling's new 'People Eater' " and retailers are being urged to display the magazine "next to *People* for maximum sales."

Melvin Shestack, a veteran of *True*, the old *Saturday Evening Post* and CBS News, where he received an Emmy nomination, is the magazine's editor and he is a respected innovator. Shestack wants to cover the "superworld and the underworld" and feels that "pic and caption" magazines are "closer to television, full of instant reading" designed to "entertain and amuse the reader."

On March 27,500,000 copies of the first issue, with John Wayne on the cover, will go on sale. *In the Know* will follow the *People* marketing route as well: push newsstand and supermarket sales and discourage subscriptions. In addition to the John Wayne piece, there are articles in the



first issue—perhaps fittingly—both by and about rip offs. There is a profile of Ron Galella, the photographer who gained fame by chasing Jackie Onassis, and a column by A.J. Weberman, the fellow who poked his way to notoriety by examining Bob Dylan's garbage. Weberman will write regularly. His first topic? The refuse of Judge John Sirica.

EDUCATION

Spring fever

The University of Michigan, in the last four years as politically moribund as most universities, has been the site of an activist rekindling in the last month.

The flurry began early in February when the deanship of the prestigious 16,000-student liberal arts college was offered to a black woman—sort of. As it turned out, Jule Plummer Cobb, now dean of Connecticut College, was offered only a two-year contract with no guarantee of tenure, even though typical Michigan contracts in the past have included a five-year term and tenure. Cobb understandably rejected the proposal. When the terms came to light, an outraged faculty group of 200 protested publicly. Questions about the seriousness of the original offer and its implications about the university's commitment to affirmative action have spurred at least two investigations into the affair.

Two weeks later, after a long-standing dispute over salary could not be resolved, unionized graduate teaching fellows struck and began picketing classroom building entrances. The strike, which hadn't ended by the school's spring break at the beginning of March, has cut class attendance by as much as 50 percent.

To top things off, with University President Robben Fleming preoccupied with union negotiations, a contingent of 200 black students began a brilliantly timed sit-in at the administration building office. They presented a long list of demands largely aimed at eliciting a commitment from the university to increase black enrollment levels to 10 percent, as promised after a strike five years ago. The beleaguered protesters finally left after a three-day stay, with a promise from the administration to negotiate the major demands.

HEALTH

Prudence and the pills

Here's another reason why pregnant women should be wary about taking *any* pills. Lucille Milkovich of the School of Public Health, University of California, Berkeley, studied 19,044 live births, comparing the infants whose mothers had taken the minor tranquilizers meprobamate and chlordiazepoxide (for anxiety, tension and mild depression) during pregnancy with intants whose mothers had not. It turned out that the kids of moms who

PHOTOGRAPH BY DENNIS YEANDLE

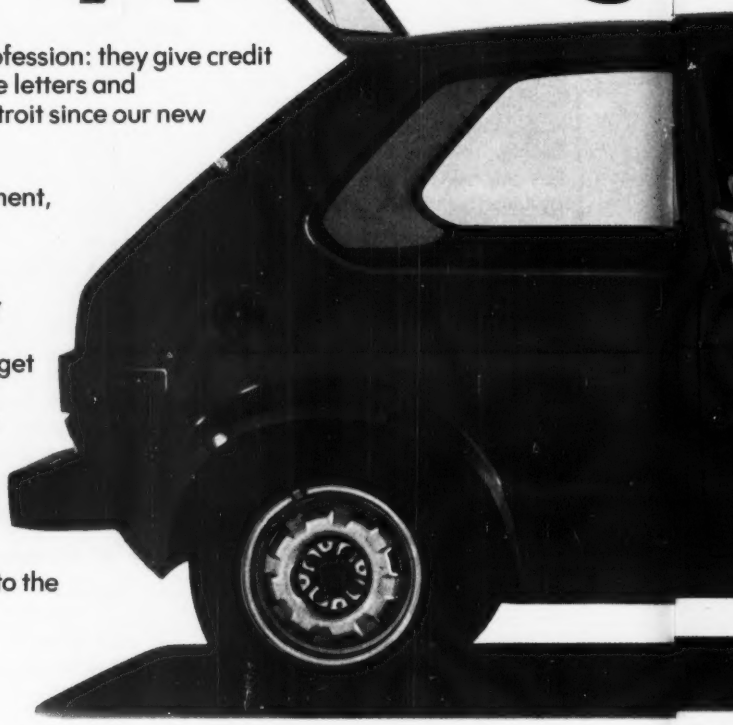
Pills and pregnancy

had taken these drugs during the first six weeks of pregnancy had three to four times as many severe congenital birth defects.

"We conclude that the prescription of these drugs to women of childbearing age should be restricted to cases with strong indications," writes Ms. Milkovich in *The New England Journal of Medicine*, "and it would be prudent to assure that the woman is taking precautions during pregnancy."

–Marion Steinmann

Why Detroit's are secretly praising



One thing about the men of the engineering profession: they give credit where credit is due. Which may explain all the nice letters and "confidential" phone calls we've received from Detroit since our new Rabbit has been out.

Why all the praise?

Well, forgetting the low $2,999* price for a moment, let's start at the top:

93 miles per hour.

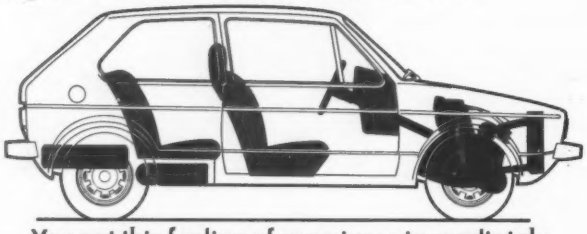
A Rabbit is very fast. And although we obviously don't recommend 93 mph (please obey all speed limits), it is reassuring to know as you're about to get onto a hectic expressway, that a Rabbit has the power for great acceleration. From 0 to 50 in only 8.2 seconds. That's quicker than a Monza 2 + 2.

38 miles per gallon.

A Rabbit is very thrifty. In the recent 1975-model Federal Environmental Protection Agency fuel economy tests, the Rabbit averaged 38 miles to the gallon on the highway. It averaged a nifty 24 in tougher stop-and-go city traffic.

As big inside as some mid-size cars.

The Rabbit is a sub-compact sized car. That's on the outside. Open the door and it's a different story. 80% of the space in the car is devoted to functional room. There's actually more head and leg room inside than in some mid-size cars.



You get this feeling of roominess immediately, as you stretch out behind the wheel and look out through the huge front windshield. Visibility is incredible.

The main engineering feat that makes all this room possible is our revolutionary transverse engine, or stated more simply, an engine that is mounted sideways. Besides adding space, placing the engine in this manner, and slanting it, has a lot to do with why the Rabbit gets such good gas mileage. For now you have a very low silhouetted front end which means lower wind resistance, which means better gas mileage.

As you may have noticed already, the Rabbit comes only one way. As a Hatchback. And you don't pay a penny more for that extra door.

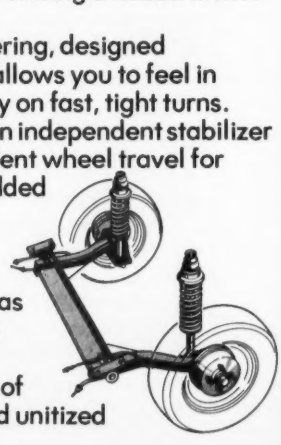
In addition to the 2-door model shown, there is a 4-door available. Four doors plus a Hatchback. That's a lot of ins and outs in one car.

How we got it to handle so easily.

The best way to describe driving a Rabbit is that it just feels right.

The rack-and-pinion steering, designed exclusively for the Rabbit, allows you to feel in complete control, especially on fast, tight turns.

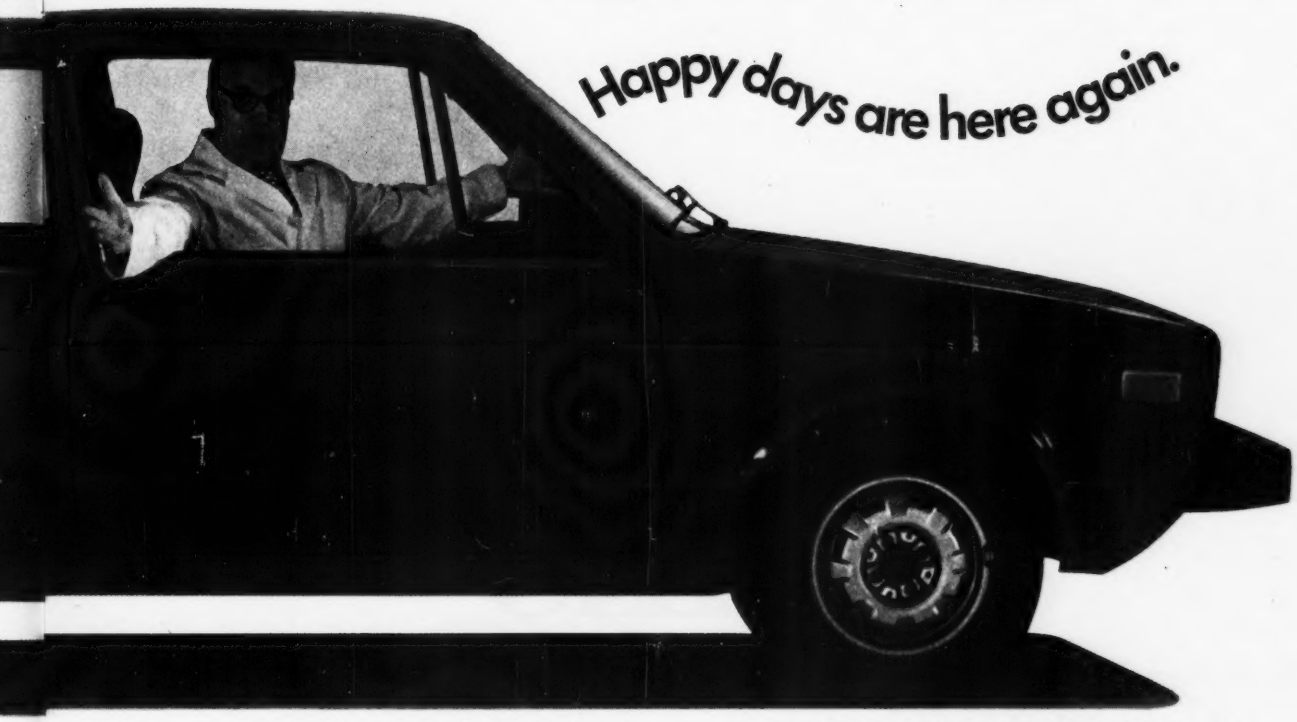
Another VW exclusive, an independent stabilizer rear axle, means independent wheel travel for more riding comfort and added safety on rough roads.



As is true on only two Detroit cars, the Eldorado and Toronado, the Rabbit has front-wheel drive for road-hugging ability.

The firm and sporty ride of the car is enhanced by rigid unitized

engineers Volkswagen's Rabbit.

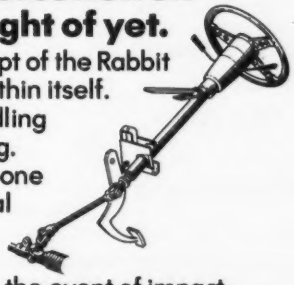


body/chassis construction, controlled spring and shock rates and longer suspension travel.

And when it comes to parking, the day of the steering wheel battle is over. The Rabbit's only 3⅓ turns, lock-to-lock.

It has safety features Detroit hasn't even thought of yet.

Actually the whole concept of the Rabbit is to be a safety package within itself. Its size, shape, weight, handling ability, just about everything.



Added too, are things no one domestic car has. Like a dual diagonal braking system, double-jointed steering column that breaks aside in the event of impact, negative steering roll radius for directional stability in the event of a front wheel blowout, and a specially designed hatchback door that keeps the rear window clear for better visibility.

Owner's Security Blanket.

To make sure your Rabbit lives a lively and a carefree life, it's backed by the most advanced car coverage plan in the automotive industry: The Volkswagen Owner's Security Blanket with exclusive Computer Analysis.†

All for $2,999.

Lately, a lot of automotive executives have been giving speeches on "the car of the future." They see it as being small, low-priced, but with increased interior dimensions and more economical performance. We started designing that car 5 years ago.

Ladies and gentlemen of the automotive industry, your car of the future, our Rabbit, is here today.

And it will only cost you $2,999 to try it out.

Happy days are here again.

Volkswagen rabbit

*Suggested retail price Rabbit 2-door Hatchback, P.O.E. Transportation, local taxes and other dealer delivery charges additional. †See your dealer for more details.

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Withdrawal pains

By Robert Sam Anson

The marble hallways of the Capitol were nearly deserted by the time the meeting of the Foreign Operations Subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee broke up late last Tuesday afternoon. Only the news crews and a few curious stragglers were hanging around to hear the subcommittee's decision. The other congressmen, their aides and secretaries had long since fled the building. In an hour or two the parties in Georgetown would be starting up. In New York Walter Cronkite was about to inform his viewers that several rockets had fallen in Phnom Penh, including one that killed the doorman of the Monorom Hotel, where many of the American journalists stayed. Earlier in the day Barry Goldwater had predicted that the life of the Lon Nol government could now be measured in days. Goldwater had not seemed overly disturbed by his forecast. Finally, the 13 subcommittee members who had been locked away in secret emerged to announce the results of their deliberation. The statement was brief. After eight hours of duly considering the merits of the Administration's request for an additional $222 million for the Cambodian government, it said, the subcommittee had, for procedural reasons, decided not to make a decision on the aid request until another committee decided whether to decide. The members had not bothered to take a vote.

It is like that these days in Washington. Long, pointless meetings about which few people care on a long, pointless war about which, even fewer people seem to care. There may yet be more money for Cambodia before April 1—the date on which, by the Administration's reckoning, Cambodia saves everyone a lot of trouble and simply self-destructs—and then again, there may not be. If the issue were to be judged sheerly on politics, Cambodia would have been written off long ago. As it is, the mail in some congressional offices is running 60 to 1 against the aid request. Within the last 10 days, an NBC-commissioned poll found that the American people disapproved of more aid by a nearly two to one margin. Even the regime's supposed friends are finding it difficult to conceal their dismay. Both Secretaries Schlesinger and Kissinger, in their off-the-record soirees, are predicting that, even with more money, Lon Nol and company are headed down the tubes. The hopes for Lon Nol's survival have evaporated. All that remains to be settled are the arrangements for final internment. And, like any good funeral, the corpse must appear "natural."

Cold turkey on Cambodia, or one last fix?

It is precisely that fact that stays Congress from finally making up its mind. Until now, it has been easy to debate the end of the Cambodian adventure with the reasonableness reserved for abstract propositions of political science. But suddenly, the "decent interval" Kissinger has always talked about—that face-saving breathing space between the departure of American forces and the collapse of the governments they propped up—has arrived. Every night, the evening news bores the message home again: without Americans, Phnom Penh falls, the children starve, the people . . . God knows

ILLUSTRATION BY JOSEPH SMITH

Jos. A. Smith

what happens to the people. However fallacious the thesis, the satellited pictures of swollen bellies and shattered bodies are powerful ones. More to the point, they are not the sort of images that make a congressman feel comfortable sitting in his living room. "The people up here are really torn up over this thing," an antiwar congressman from the Midwest says of the Cambodian debate. "They don't want to hear about it. They don't want to think about it. And they certainly don't want to vote on it. Everyone wishes the goddamn country would simply just go away."

No one was ever quite sure why we were there in the first place. Even by Southeast Asian standards, Cambodia has always been oddly out of kilter. Where the Vietnamese were fierce and nationalistic, the Cambodians have always been passive, charming their colonists rather than conquering them. Years ago, Sihanouk called his country a land peopled by "seven million little Buddhas." And so it was: a dream world of seductive indolence, good French food and an artistically sophisticated civilization that seemed, to judge from the splendid ruins that poked up through the jungle, to have ended sometime in the fifteenth century. If Gilbert and Sullivan had written nonsense musicals about Indochina instead of Europe, Cambodia would have been the ideal setting. Even without the score, Sihanouk played the role of the student prince splendidly. His army did nothing more aggressive than build a road or two, and, being Khmers, they labored at their tasks with a deliberate lack of haste. Naturally, the place was doomed.

Hardly anyone remembers just how the war started. What is recalled is that sometime in mid-March of 1970, while Sihanouk was away in France on his yearly three-month vacation (rumor of the time had it that he was visiting a fat farm), an improbable man named Lon Nol announced that he and the army were taking over. Had Sihanouk immediately flown home, the French ambassador said at the time, the army would have prostrated themselves at his feet. Instead, Sihanouk tarried for a time in Moscow, and while he did, some suspiciously oldish "students" burned the NLF and North Vietnamese embassies. With that, as they say, the fat was in the fire. North Vietnamese and NLF units immediately began moving westward—toward Phnom Penh—from their border sanctuaries. Within six weeks Richard Nixon would announce that, in an effort to "save American lives" and "speed the end of the war," the United States had made an "incursion"—a wonderfully indefinite euphemism to rank with "pacification" and "terminate with extreme prejudice"—into Cambodia.

Maybe it could have been avoided. Perhaps Sihanouk didn't take the coup seriously. How, after all, should a chief of state regard an army marshal whose name spelled backwards is the same as it is spelled forwards? But, on reflection, L-O-N N-O-L was the first, fatal clue of the CIA's involvement. Who, besides such super-sleuths and masters of derring-do, could have devised such an ingeniously monikered lackey? The war itself was the final evidence. If you knew the Cambodians, you knew also that such a strenuous undertaking was wholly alien to the national character. They didn't lack for courage, just for interest.

Accordingly, Nixon nearly neglected to inform Lon Nol he was being invaded. At the last moment, the oversight was corrected and a cable dispatched to Phnom Penh. But the State Department, unused to Asian rhythms, forgot that, in Cambodia, the telegraph office closes at 5:00 in the afternoon and that everyone goes home. Thus, Lon Nol learned of the Cambodian invasion like everyone else, by hearing Nixon tell him about it on the radio. No matter, Lon Nol was soon eye deep in American aid, including round-the-clock B-52 strikes, which, because of traditional American concern for such things, were carefully targeted to avoid the Khmer ruins and hit only people instead.

"When you give someone ten thousand pop guns," shrugs a senior State Department aide, "you gotta keep giving them pops"

In the beginning the upper classes of Phnom Penh greeted the war as something of a lark, an adventure, not to mention the source of a lot of American dollars. The college students took to drilling in the city's parks with great gusto, singing songs and shouting their cadence counts. There was a rally in the stadium Sihanouk had built for the Olympics he dreamed would one day come to Cambodia, with humorous skits showing the invincible Khmers resisting the wiles of lissome Vietnamese girls and going on to smash the dreaded Communists. For a time it was all great fun. A war in which the army rode off to battle every day in commandeered Pepsi Cola trucks could not be taken too seriously. At the start, the most fearsome enemy the Cambodians faced were the 400,000 ethnic Vietnamese living in the cities, and roundly hated for the prosperity their industriousness had won. The war provided an opportunity to settle old scores. At Prasaut, Cambodian troops gunned down 90 Vietnamese women and children. A few days later, at Takeo, they herded 150 Vietnamese men and boys into a schoolhouse and machine-gunned them to death. And in one town south of Phnom Penh, they took the Vietnamese men and boys, tied their arms behind their back, looped them together in groups of five, took them to the edge of the Mekong and shot them out of hand. For days their puffed up bodies floated along the gently lapping river toward the sea. More than a thousand in all passed by the ferry crossing at Neak Luong. The official Cambodian explanation for the carnage was that the Vietnamese had been victims of a river boat sinking. The joke at the time was that, in their panic, the Vietnamese had tied their arms behind their backs and, rather than drown, shot themselves in the head. To the American journalists in Phnom Penh, the U.S. Embassy pleaded for "understanding."

A lot has changed since then. The troops that face Lon Nol's battered legions are no longer Vietnamese but his own people, three-fourths of whom now reside in the "liberated zone." The giddiness has gone out of the government side. There are no more pep rallies in Phnom Penh anymore. The Pepsi generation cadets have long since stopped riding out to war. Today, many of them are refugees. Those who have been unable to buy their way out of the army—and even now, the tennis courts of the Cercle Sportif are crowded with young men whose fathers could come up with the right price—face a KIA rate approaching 1,000 per week. In our terms, it is as if the U.S. Army were suffering 30,000 dead each and every week. At that, at least a bullet is quick. In what was once a land fat with food, slow, agonizing starvation is killing untold more.

In the face of such appalling numbers, the seeming wonder is that Cambodia has been able to hold on as long as it has. On examination, however, Lon Nol's longevity, like most things about Indochina, is little wonder at all. Until 1973, he enjoyed the advantage of having the equivalent of a Hiroshima of bombs dropped on his opponent every week.

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The universal 4-channel receiver.

Since 4-channel has been created, music lovers everywhere have been waiting for a universal method to decode every 4-channel system. SANSUI has created it, and here it is, like a revelation: Quad Almighty.

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Of course the Sansui vario-matrix has the unique synthesizing capacity to give you breathtakingly beautiful 4-channel reproduction from all of your stereo records, tapes or broadcasts.

Also available is the SANSUI QRX 6001, 3500, 3000, and QR 1500 for the fullest line of 4-channel receivers.

Hear a demonstration of any of the QRX family of Quad receivers at your franchised Sansui dealer today or write to us for our booklet: "The Sounds of SANSUI".

* Sansui's unique technology that permits the highest degree of channel separation and gives unequalled 4-channel synthesizing from any 2-channel source.

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The Eagleton Amendment finally brought the bombing to a halt, though only with considerable reluctance; in the House the measure passed by exactly one vote. Even then, Lon Nol was left with nearly $300 million worth of U.S. bullets and shells every year to fire at an enemy estimated to be a third his army's size. Cambodia is a country roughly the size of Connecticut. It doesn't take much to keep a small, dirty war going there a long, long time.

Every year, a nominally antiwar Congress made the war possible. The yearly Cambodian appropriation was meticulously choreographed. As the price of its aid, the Congress insisted on a specific written assurance that it was not making merely another installment on an endless open-ended commitment to a half-paralyzed general who consulted soothsayers before he sent his troops into battle. Every year that assurance was written into law and signed by the President, and, by all accounts, everyone felt better for it. Until now, when, mysteriously, the commitment is discovered not only to have existed all along but to have had the most serious dimensions as well. A senior aide at the State Department merely shrugs. Whatever the law might require, he says, "When you give someone ten thousand pop guns, you gotta keep giving them the pops."

This year, the pops are a little more time, a few more dollars, just enough to get the government into the rainy season when the Mekong floods and, according to State Department legend, no one fights in Indochina. While few people, including those who make them, believe such arguments anymore, the campaign that has been mounted on behalf of Cambodian aid has nevertheless been impressive. A special lobbying task force has been set up in the State Department, and its chief, Phillip Habib, who was Kissinger's deputy at the Paris Peace Talks, is ready to pop over to talk to any congressman who will listen to him, day or night. Both Kissinger and Schlesinger have made several personal treks to the Hill, though the last time Schlesinger testified, the subcommittee could muster only two members to come out and hear him. The President himself has button-holed several key Republicans on the phone, recently waylaying Sylvio Conte in the middle of a workout in the House gymnasium. Conte, whose western Massachusetts district is a stronghold of antiwar sentiment, protested that, on the Cambodian aid issue, his feet were "set in concrete." The President advised Conte to get a jackhammer. When word reached Conte's district of the conversation, the local anti-warriors started sending their representative five-pound bags of concrete special delivery.

The peace people are smarter now. They have enlisted a grab bag of labor unions and right-wing taxpayer groups in the Coalition to End Funding the War, the umbrella group that is matching State and the Pentagon tit for tat. The old moral arguments aren't being trotted out so much anymore. There are fewer appeals to congressmen's guilt or consciences. Having grappled with Congress the last 10 years, the peace people have learned a thing or two about how the place works; chiefly, that nothing brings religion to a politician more expeditiously than the prospect of being out of a job. And so they have installed phone banks and computerized mailing lists to keep tabs on 75 swing congressmen whom they have "targeted" for special effort. When one of the congressmen weakens, the phone banks and computers go into action, and, a few days later, several hundred pieces of outraged constituent mail will be sitting on the offender's Washington desk. With victory so close, the peace types are not above a dirty trick or two, either. Thus, when a congressman who had been considered liberal and "safe" announced he had changed his mind and was not for funding the Cambodians, a quick call went out to his mistress, who was urged to use Lysistrata methods to bring her man back into line. She readily agreed.

"Those horrid Khmer Rouge," the congresswoman gasped. "They are disemboweling all the pregnant women"

In style, if not in substance, the peace groups have become like the Pentagon itself. They use its methods, its technology, even its jargon. In the best military tradition, they have a contingency for every possible eventuality. Their asses, as an RA captain would put it, were covered. What they did not count on was The Trip.

The Southeast Asian junket is the most time-honored and shopworn of all the Administration's sales techniques. The theory is a simple one. Take a man away from Washington and petty constituent concerns, put him on the ground and give him some real "hands-on" experience, and, while you've got him, chock him full of briefings and horror stories, and, before you know it, he'll be asking *you* for a back seat ride in a Phantom. And, of course, one will be instantly available, along with an official photograph that will appear on the newsletter to the folks back home. The purpose is obvious. As George Romney put it, in what was at once the most astute and unfortunate remark of his public career, the aim is "brainwashing."

The object is so patent that when, a few weeks ago, the State Department began organizing just such a tour of the Indochina colonies, it was hard put to find any takers, even among the congressional hawks. But, at length, Habib and his assistants managed to line up eight junket goers, at least half of whom were confirmed doves and seemed to be going only to discredit the entire enterprise. That was not the way it worked out.

Less than 72 hours in Indochina, including all of 10 hours in Phnom Penh, turned two of the doves—Fraser of Minnesota and Fenwick of New Jersey—into doubters, and came close to enlisting California's Pete McCloskey, who had run against Nixon in 1972 as a self-proclaimed "peace candidate," on the side of the hawks. "Thank God they didn't take a jumbo jet full of these guys," said one horrified congressional aide later, "or we wouldn't be sending Lon Nol money, but troops."

The performances of Congressman Chappell, a Florida hawk and former Navy captain, and John Murtha, a former Marine Colonel twice wounded in Vietnam, were predictable. Even McCloskey, a former Marine hero, was merely reverting to type when, on his return, he reported that what had turned him was his inspection of a Cambodian regiment that had recently taken 200 enemy KIA and one prisoner. "That's damn bloody," McCloskey explained. "There's going to be a bloodbath unless they can negotiate from strength." Nixon couldn't have put it better.

What *was* startling was the experience of Millicent Fenwick, a liberal Republican freshman from the Jersey suburbs. The 65-year-old Mrs. Fenwick, who had campaigned on a platform of an immediate end to the war and no further funds for either Thieu or Lon Nol, came home exhausted, shaken and, in her wonderfully rarified upper-class accent, babbling about communism and bloodbaths. She said she was not at all sure what she would vote for, unless "China makes it clear that she wants Sihanouk back in power." In that case, she said, she would

PHOTOGRAPH BY SOUVICHITH/GAMMA

For Cambodia: ammunition. . . or food. . . or nothing?

vote for more aid, since that was the key to restoring Sihanouk, the only person who could control "those horrid Khmer Rouge." If the reasoning seemed tangled, it was no less so than anything else Mrs. Fenwick had to say about Cambodia.

"One of the things I learned, and I must say it came as a surprise to me," she reported, "is that no one out there, not anyone in the whole country, wants communism. They are terrified. Simply scared to death." The fear, she added, was a quite natural one, since, if the Communists took over, there was sure to be a bloodbath. "Did you know," she said, "that those awful Khmer Rouge are running stakes through the roofs of people's mouths. And what they are doing to the women. They are disemboweling all the pregnant women. All of them." After some prodding, Mrs. Fenwick allowed as how she had not personally witnessed any running throughs with stakes of disemboweling of pregnant women, but had gotten the information from "excellent sources." The sources turned out to be the Catholic Church.

What slim hopes Lon Nol has left now rest on decent, confused people like Millicent Fenwick, nice folks who desperately want to do the right thing and are haunted by the phantom that whatever they do, however they vote, somehow, somewhere, some peasant is going to get it in the neck because of them. No one knows this better than the Administration, of course, and so in recent days there has been a veritable orgy of bloodbath talk. The number and identity of the potential victims varies depending on which State Department briefer is telling the story. So far, the most grandiose figure the bloodbath experts have come up with is a million executions in Cambodia (roughly 15 percent of the population) and 5 million in South Vietnam (about 30 percent of the population). The State Department official who provides the latter estimate says it includes all the members of the government, all the Catholics, progovernment religious sects, the civil service and all the members of the army above the rank of private, the theory being that the lowliest promotion indicates collaboration with the Thieu traitor clique.

The fact that independent scholars have discredited the bloodbath canard over and over again (it seems to have originated in the early 60s as the brainchild of one Hoang Van Chi, a member of the Diem psy-war staff who went on to bigger things as an aide to the U.S. Department of State), matters little to many congressmen. However remote, there is always the chance, and the possibility is something they don't like living with, much less facing squarely. Bella Abzug, the one dove who survived the State Department's junket not only intact but reinforced, is one of the few exceptions. "It's a simple choice," she says. "Do you want an endless slaughter you know will go on so long as you vote money, or do you cut it off and risk the possibility—just the possibility—of a few hundred people getting lined up against a wall." Like the lady says, simple.

But Congress has a way of complicating things. There is a growing undercurrent of talk that the Hill will reach some compromise, giving the Administration considerably less than it wants (the Administration, anticipating such a strategy, seems to have asked for considerably more than it needs) and mandating most of the grant for food. "What will happen," predicts one House Appropriations Committee staffer, "is that the bill will say rice and everyone will vote for it knowing it really means bullets. But that'll get them off the hook, at least."

Where it will leave Cambodia, of course, is still on the hook another year, another rainy season, until, finally, the inevitable can no longer be denied.

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE COOPER

The Patty Hearst papers

By Roger Rapoport

The whole deal fell together so easily, I had to keep rereading the contract to reassure myself it was for real. Ballantine Books had agreed to pay Steve Weed and me big money for the real Patty Hearst story. The contract we signed in June assured us six figures—enough money to make us ask Ballantine to defer some of the income to 1975 for tax purposes. And if the book did as well as the publisher projected, both Steve and I would be financially set for years.

Our first advance checks arrived in mid-July. Steve, who was now living in the cottage-office behind the Berkeley house my wife and I had just bought, awoke about noon, fished his $9,000 check out of the envelope (his share was double mine) and started getting nervous. Although this was his biggest short-term windfall since his Princeton senior year, when he sold marijuana for two months, Weed was jumpy. Afraid to deposit the money in his bank account lest someone infer he was profiteering off his ex-fiancee, Patty Hearst, Steve asked if I would deposit the check in my account. Then, after more consideration, he decided to have his father in Palo Alto bank the money for him. With this problem solved, Steve laid his check down beside the bed and fell back asleep.

Steve's fear over Patty's well-being and his hope that she might return, wanting to resume the life they had led together, made him feel rather guilty about selling his story. I couldn't have been happier about the Ballantine contract. Although I had always made a decent living freelancing, this was going to be my first big book. The contract came on top of my first really good year, which had included another book deal and numerous magazine assignments. For the first time, my wife and I were far enough ahead to actually be saving money.

Just before the completion of the "real" Patty Hearst story, Steven Weed pulled out, and he has been trying to suppress the book's contents ever since. His co-author explains why

The outline we had submitted to Ballantine in New York promised to tell the story of Steve's three-year love affair with Patty, details of the kidnapping and his subsequent effort to get his fiancee back. Our formal and informal promise to tell all extended to the story of how Patty lost her virginity at 14, an account of how Steve and Patty began sleeping together when she was a 16-year-old student at Hillsborough's Crystal Springs School for Girls, details of Steve's brief drug-dealing days at Princeton, information about their occasional acid trips on a Hearst corporation estate and an explanation of why police found a half-pound of marijuana in their apartment after the kidnapping. These details were all going in the book because Steve and I both felt that if we didn't write the truth someone else might. The last thing either of us wanted was for the reader to think Steve was trying to cover up.

Although some of my fellow journalists thought I was crazy to collaborate with Steve, I felt they were just jealous. I remember TV newswoman Marilyn Baker telling me: "Steve's a real weirdo and an opportunist." But as we began reporting the book together, I found Steve had a remarkable ability to put aside his own anxieties in pursuit of the real story

Roger Rapoport's last piece for NEW TIMES *was on the Karen Silkwood case.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE COOPER

behind his ex-fiancee's conversion to the Symbionese Liberation Army (SLA). He was terrific at persuading Patty's closest girlfriends, still frantic about her well-being, to give us the intimate details necessary to write an honest book.

One evening we talked with a Hillsborough girlfriend who had introduced Patty to the book *Tania* several years before. At the time, Patty thought that this story of the East German who died in the Bolivian jungle fighting with guerrillas under the command of Che Guevara was "cute," a word she used frequently. (She also felt Jerry Rubin's *Do It* was "cute.") After discussing how this book had become the inspiration for Patty's new name, the girlfriend broke into tears. She demanded to know how Steve could sell out his girlfriend for cash when she could be killed in a police shootout at any moment. "How is this helping bring back Patty?" she demanded. Steve, whose self-control constantly amazed me, proceeded to eloquently explain that everyone who knew Patty had a historical obligation to tell people the true facts behind her transformation. The next day this friend of Patty's called to apologize for being so hysterical.

My own interviews with Weed quickly convinced me that there was no truth to the rumors that he and Patty had actually engineered the kidnapping to bilk her father. He told me that she thought nothing of marching through a United Farm Workers (UFW) picket line at Safeway, dismissing the farm workers as "miserable fucking migrant people" and "assholes." She had no sympathy for the women's movement, put down radical Berkeley politicians and regarded her father's concern for the special problems of impoverished Chicanos living in San Francisco's Mission District with a mixture of distrust, amusement and disdain. Patty's favorite magazine was *Cosmopolitan*—she also read *The National Lampoon* and *Sunset*, a West Coast publication boosting suburban lifestyles—and she put herself to sleep each night with a few pages from an apolitical book Steve had introduced her to called *120 Days of Sodom* by the Marquis de Sade.

Steve's presence around the house offered further reassurance that he and Patty had not set themselves up. This graduate philosophy student who liked to linger around our kitchen hoping my wife would fix him something to eat was, I learned, notorious among his friends for his lack of initiative. His day usually began in the afternoon with some leisurely sunbathing in my backyard hammock. The only meal he regularly fixed for himself was a bowl of Total, milk and a muffin. Sometimes weeks would go by before he would get up enough energy to type his interview notes. But after all he had been through in recent months, I hardly felt I was in a position to complain. Besides, as Steve kept reminding me, he was making me rich. The matter of our joint windfall was one both of us took up with my accountant, who gave us good advice on tax shelters, and a realtor friend, who was going to help us invest in Berkeley property. Soon Steve and I would be getting into the business of fixing up old houses together.

In a moment of anger Patty was capable of saying of her parents, "I wish they'd die in a plane crash"

Everywhere the two of us went people instantly identified Steve by his famous walrus mustache. One night we were walking to dinner when a guy spontaneously embraced Weed, crying: "I'm no pig, man, I'm from Belgium." Another time Steve had just driven his VW onto the conveyor of a San Francisco car wash when a black physician he had never seen before opened the right door, sat down next to him and rode with him through the hot wax.

The way they were: according to friends, their life was basically *his* life.

Steve also got a good many letters from women interested in him. These Steve found amusing and, as far as I know, he never responded to any of them. Then, too, there was a fair amount of hate mail. Much of it was aimed at the walrus mustache, which Patty had liked so much.

Occasionally, there arose greater threats to Steve's composure. One day a private eye we had contacted remarked jokingly that he knew why Patty hadn't returned: "You were a lousy lay." Weed didn't return the smile. Then there was the endless speculation, much of it dwelling on the sexual possibilities, about Patty's fate that swirled around him. At one gathering, someone suggested that a fitting end to the saga would have Patty dying in labor, trying to bring Field Marshal Cinque's baby into the world.

Soon after the collaboration began, I discovered that Steve liked to talk too much and I had to convince him to stop speaking with reporters. As a result, I became, in effect, his press spokesman. Writers constantly pumped me for details of their sex life. Newswoman Marilyn Baker even voiced her curiosity openly in her quickie Patty book *Exclusive!*

"For me love had been a rolling, rocking embrace that stretched the muscles, seared the blood, and melted the bones.

What was love to Patty and Steve?"

Ms. Baker went on to accuse Patty of being "a lover without orgasm." She couldn't have been more wrong. Of all the adjectives that can be applied to Patty, bloodless isn't one of them. She was, by nature, uninhibited, and she got a kick out of anything that smacked of raciness. She once yelled at her father for throwing out a packet of pornographic literature sent him by an anti-pornography group. "At least you could have given me a chance to read it first," she said in exasperation. She was a big fan of *Young Lust* Comics, a joyously obscene little publication that parodies the traditional *Young Love* comics, and she showed Auden's poem in celebration of homosexuality, "A Day for a Lay," to all her friends.

Patty and her friends would spend a lot of time at a Berkeley coffee shop called The Espresso, the scene of many discussions on new lovemaking techniques which they'd read about in *Cosmopolitan*. There was one particular *Cosmo* piece that one of her friends recalls. It was about sexual fantasies and featured a fantasy a woman had about be-

Compared to her sister Anne, busted last week, Patty was considered a jewel.

ing attacked by a big, hairy Hell's Angel. Her friend shuddered at the thought, but Patty thought it was hilarious.

Patty's own sexual history was interesting, but hardly earth-shattering by contemporary California standards. As Weed explained it to me, she had first been seduced at 14 by a Hillsborough boyfriend. The following year, she began sleeping with a college student serving as a part-time janitor at Santa Catalina, a Catholic school she was attending in Monterey. Patty eventually got fed up with the student, who had a habit of crying remorsefully after lovemaking.

In the fall of 1970 she transferred back to Crystal Springs, where Steve was teaching math. At the introductory assembly, when she first saw him, Patty turned to a friend and remarked, "Uh oh, I'm in trouble this year." She began visiting his Menlo Park house in February 1971, ostensibly for help with her geometry. With no effort on his part, Weed found himself pursued by an heiress with beautiful hair, clear, smooth skin and perfect teeth that gave her a radiant smile. Weed thought that she had "aristocratic" looks. (Patty herself was always bothered by the way she looked. At 5 feet, 2 inches, she thought she was too short, and she hated her tiny hands, which resembled her mother's.) About a week after she started coming over to Steve's house, they made love for the first time.

"She told me beforehand that she was taking birth control pills," said Weed. "I was startled, but she acted as if it was the most natural thing in the world. . . . I could tell that she was pleased to shock me."

"No foreplay?" I asked, ever the journalist.

Steve swore there was none: "I never touched her until just before we made love for the first time. . . . I made the initial advance, but it was pretty much expected by both of us."

One of the things that surprised me about the close-up view of Patty offered by Steve and their friends was her fearless attitude. The sweet, innocent little girl portrayed by the media was certainly unrelated to the Patty Hearst they were telling me about. Opinionated, stubborn, intolerant, capricious—these were some of the words that characterized Patty. Unhappy with the way she felt her parents dominated her life, Patty was capable, in a moment of anger, of saying, "I wish they'd die in a plane crash." She was particularly contemptuous of her mother. For laughs, she used to lead her friends to the Hearst family library and show them the set of books her mother had loved to read her as a little girl: *Little Black Sambo*. One of her closest girlfriends pointed out that once, when she felt like shocking a few high-school classmates on an Orient trip, Patty slipped off her $28 class ring and threw it into the South China Sea, crying: "CS, China Sea, Crystal Springs, Chicken Shit."

This sort of information, coupled with the humiliating way she had publicly rejected him, prompted Steve to half-jokingly call Patty "the little bitch." Late at night he would sometimes come into the kitchen for ice cream and tell me: "I'm not even sure I want her back." But it was obvious that he missed her desperately. After all, their relationship had been a remarkably uncomplicated one. Together they had been able to pull off nearly anything.

After their romance began, Patty successfully used a series of subterfuges to visit Steve daily and periodically stay the night. Weed got a good laugh out of explaining how he helped Patty solve her only serious academic problem—geometry. First he built her class project, a complex balsa wood model of five regular solids that Patty's teacher loved. Aware that this instructor gave the same geometry final each year, Steve pirated an old copy from the files and spent three hours running Patty through the problems. Despite the preparation, she only managed to get 80 percent on the exam.

Weed had brought a good deal of Patty's Crystal Springs memorabilia with him when he moved into my place. In fact, the cartons of mementos, letters, photos, schoolbooks, yearbooks, notebooks and checkbooks were enough to turn my office into a small Patty Hearst museum. Much of this material sat beneath a photo of Patty's grandmother that Steve had hung over his desk. Sometimes when he got restless, Weed would rummage through these cartons, pausing to look at pictures of Patty, including one he had taken of her in the altogether. Once he held up her savings passbook to show me the thousands she had left behind her. He also pointed out a trust fund statement that reported she would receive $70,000 on her 21st birthday.

Going through Patty's old love letters seemed to ease Steve's sense of loss. He was also generous about sharing some of the liqueur the two of them had taken from the San Simeon wine cellar. And when he needed a laugh, Steve would flip through one of her checkbooks, saying: "Wouldn't it freak the FBI out if we tore off some of these checks and just started dropping them off on various street corners."

Collectively, these artifacts were a big help in documenting the Weed-Hearst romance. In the summer of 1971, a year after Patty had graduated from Crystal, she and Steve took a secret two-week trip across California. The Hearsts, who were away at the time, remained unaware of

Patty's relationship with Steve until the spring of 1972, when she announced her intention to move to Berkeley with him. All during her 1971-72 freshman year at Menlo College, Patty maintained the cover story that she was living in a dorm. Actually, she resided with Steve in Menlo Park. Their favorite place at home was a special bed Steve had built, composed of a foam rubber mattress mounted on a plywood board. On weekends they would often spend full days in bed, reading, eating, talking on the phone, making love and receiving friends there.

The 17-year-old heiress related well to Weed's older friends. She worked hard at being the perfect mate and enjoyed mothering Steve. One day Patty told a friend she felt Steve would marry her, pointing out that her trust fund made her a good catch. And then, so as not to leave the wrong impression, she added quickly: "He really *does* love me."

Patty's insecurity was not totally unfounded. Steve was clearly the dominant figure in the relationship, and Patty acceded to his every whim; everyone I spoke to who knew them well acknowledged that their life was basically *his* life. Patty loved *Sesame Street*—she even bought herself the *Sesame Street Coloring Book*—but Steve teased her about it. She liked Oriental art, particularly Japanese art, and enjoyed going to museums, but he tended to put her off. However, when Steve wanted to pursue his hobby—picture framing—she would troop with him to every frame shop in the East Bay and wait patiently while he spent hours talking over technique. Although Patty was an excellent cook—she was forever whipping up the Duncan-Hines chocolate cakes Steve loves—she ate sparingly herself. Steve was part of the reason; she was extremely slim, and Steve, who prides himself on his high standards in women, was quick to notice every pound she put on and he didn't hesitate to point it out.

Patty, though, seemed generally satisfied with the arrangement. She even told Steve that if he ever had an affair with someone else, she would remain faithful. Her only real complaint was that Steve, who is six years older, had had so many more experiences. "It's not fair that you've had all these lovers, lived through all these adventures and done all these things I'll never get to do," she told him once. "I wish I'd met you ten years later."

In retrospect, the way Patty and Steve related to each other helps explain both of their actions since her abduction. For the first time in three years, Patty found herself beyond Steve's reach and, from a distance, she seems to have come to realize what her role in the relationship had been. In one of her SLA communiques, she referred to her ex-fiance as "a sexist, ageist pig."

The parents: Patty much preferred him.

Until she met Steve, Patty had always been a rebellious girl and, out from under his influence, her nature obviously reasserted itself.

Steve, for his part, was in many ways helpless without her. It had been a long time since he'd had to do a lot of everyday chores for himself, and the period of adjustment was clearly a difficult one.

Although Patty was always suggesting they take acid, Steve reserved it for real occasions—such as trips to a Hearst estate

As I proceeded to write up all this material, there were the inevitable conflicts that are part of any collaboration. Among Steve's most serious concerns was the subject of drugs. The facts were pretty simple. After Patty began visiting Steve's Menlo Park house, she decided to try some of the multiple chromosome grass plants he had been growing hydroponically on the service porch. One blend turned out to be so strong that she fainted after smoking it. Soon Patty was always pestering Steve to roll a joint. Grass didn't do as much for Steve as it did for Patty. Besides, Weed hardly found marijuana much of a novelty after dealing it at Princeton.

Steve gave up selling grass after friends told him the word; "Get your weed from Weed" had spread a little too far. They warned him that if he didn't watch out, he was going to be in big trouble with the police, possibly even the Mafia. He really didn't mind quitting that much. Steve had tired of flying youth standby to the West Coast and coming back with large briefcases full of grass. Although higher prices on the East Coast enabled him to make several thousand dollars' profit during his short career, he really didn't like worrying about the authorities or haggling over price.

Now that he was safely retired, Steve looked on marijuana as a time waster. But Patty eagerly anticipated the times when friends came by and they could sneak off to share a joint. Weed would catch them and pretend to be outraged, as in the Virginia Slims commercials: "What do the two of you think you are up to?" She'd laugh and jokingly tell her friend: "Isn't he a drag? Isn't he an old man?" By the fall of 1972, when they moved to Berkeley, the novelty of grass had worn off for Patty, and they smoked only about once every three weeks. Obviously, this rate didn't put much of a dent in the stash brought over from the Menlo Park service porch. That was why they had half a pound left at the time of the kidnapping.

Steve and Patty never used any drugs harder than grass, except for LSD on a few rare occasions. Although she was always suggesting that they take acid, he reserved it for special occasions such as holiday weekends, vacations at a Hearst Corporation estate or the secret trip they took to Hawaii together at Christmas 1971. Steve had dropped a lot of acid in college and knew the ill effects of tripping too often. So the most they ever took it was once every six months.

Steve was particularly concerned about our handling of this material on drugs, especially the details of his acid trips with Patty. After we had discussed the subject at some length, he told me, "I guess I'm going to have to get you some acid to drop before you write up this section."

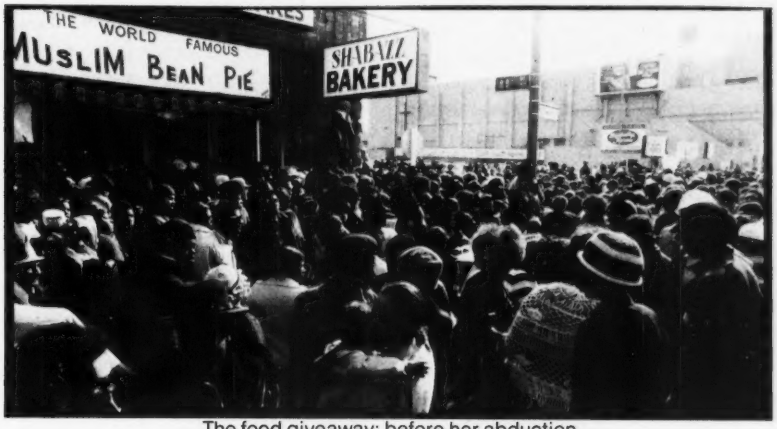
But in late August, before Steve had a chance to act on this suggestion, he took off for a European vacation during which he shopped for antiques and continued to do research. Shortly after leaving, he sent me a letter suggesting that I should consider holding up the writing to put together a 100-page outline of the

book. When I showed this message to Steve's closest friend, who was helping us with research, she told me to ignore his idea and keep on writing: "That's just Steve."

Upon his return from Europe in early October, Steve announced he wanted to write the book all by himself. Although Ballantine had agreed to extend our original October 1 deadline a few months, it was not ready to give us the extra nine months Steve felt he needed to write his own version. Weed dropped the idea after his friends talked him out of it. A few days after the crisis had passed, one of his friends asked me: "Do you think you can trust Steve after this?" I assured him there was no problem: "Steve's an honorable guy."

When Steve agreed to let me finish writing the book, he also began suggesting maybe it was time for him to find his own place. I thought this was a great idea since it was getting difficult to write in the constant presence of Weed and his friends, who had taken to doing Yoga in my office. In mid-October, after I refused to let one of his friends move into the office for a few nights, Weed finally left. After accommodating and feeding Steve since June, my wife Margot and I felt relieved to have our place back to ourselves. Unfortunately, Steve showed up the next night asking if he could move back in. At that point, I began to understand how the Hearsts had felt the previous spring when Steve kept returning to stay with them. Like Patty's parents, I was forced to tell Weed he could no longer stay with us. A few days later one of his friends found him a new place to live. At my urging, he took everything with him, including the Patty Hearst museum.

Although Steve continued to report for the book, there were continuing problems here too. One of the most serious was Steve's rejection of my suggestion that we jointly interview Randolph Hearst. He was afraid my aggressive interviewing style might offend Mr. Hearst and hurt his chances to buy back a valuable Oriental rug Patty's father had purchased for the two of them. (Steve was obsessed with fine rugs and was amazed that not everyone shared his enthusiasm for them. Once he got down on the floor and started fondling one of the Oriental rugs he and Patty had bought. "Rugs are wonderful, Roger," he said. "You can roll around and rub against them and everything. And they're a great investment, too.") Originally, Steve and Patty were going to repurchase this particular rug from Mr. Hearst when she came into her $70,000 trust fund. Steve was determined to buy it back himself with his advance. At one point he told me: "Now I've still got some of the china Patty's mother gave her and by all rights I should give it back. But I'm not going to return it until Randy says he'll let me buy back the rug."



The food giveaway: before her abduction, Patty had belittled her father's concern for the poor.

Finally, after I pointed out that our work looked like it was going to be the only Patty Hearst book published without benefit of a Randy Hearst interview, Steve agreed to see her father himself. He returned obviously pleased by the way things had gone. After filling me in on a few details picked up from Mr. Hearst, Steve smiled and said: "By the way, he's going to let me buy back the rug."

The Hearsts' continuing generosity toward Steve made him feel rather guilty about sections of our book that detailed Patty's negative attitude toward her parents. Everyone who knew Patty told us how frequently she put them down, particularly her mother, an insulated woman with whom she had little in common. They had never been close, and the breach had widened considerably shortly after Patty's 14th birthday, when she started refusing to go to a couple of places Mrs. Hearst felt she belonged: Mass and the posh Burlingame Country Club. Patty would frequently tell the story of how her mother hated to join the rest of the family on their periodic visits to Bing Crosby's home in Baja California, Mexico. "Mexico isn't a country," Mrs. Hearst was fond of saying, "it's a disease."

Patty was more favorably disposed toward her father, an amiable man with whom she had been quite close as a girl. Still, she would tell of her embarrassment at returning home from school with friends to find Mr. Hearst sitting in the living room in his silk pajamas discharging his corporate responsibilities by phone.

For all of Patty's rambunctiousness, her parents never considered her a real problem; she was a jewel compared to some others in the family. The Hearsts were much more concerned with Anne, two years younger than Patty, who had severe difficulties in school and was a behavior problem. Just last week, she was arrested on a drug charge reentering the U.S. from Canada. One of Patty's cousins had married a dog catcher, who took to poaching game on the San Simeon estate. Another ran off to live with an entire mariachi band. So, even after they found out she was living with Steve, the Hearsts tried to leave Patty pretty much alone.

But that isn't how Patty saw it. She was convinced that her parents wanted to control her life. Steve, though, found the Hearsts relatively easy to get along with. "I tried to make her see there were certain advantages to being a Hearst," Steve explained several times. Not the least of these was Wyntoon, the corporation's northern California estate, where family members were eligible to buy surplus antiques, rugs and paintings at 10 percent of their value. If Patty and Steve had been given their way, they would have borrowed money to purchase nearly everything the corporation would let them take. But they were too late. The whole family had clamped down on the practice after one of her relatives appeared to be profiting from the sale of items bought at Wyntoon.

After carefully analyzing the holdings at Wyntoon, Patty and Steve (who had already spent $4,000 furnishing and decorating their Berkeley apartment with numerous Oriental rugs, a gilt frame mirror, an antique walnut burl desk, a cherry dresser and a 16th century station of the cross bas relief) came up with a long list of items they wanted to buy. But Patty's cousin Jack Cooke, who ran the corporation's property division, only approved a tenth of what they applied for. They

probably wouldn't have done that well if Patty hadn't prevailed upon her father to lobby on their behalf. It was thanks to Mr. Hearst that the corporation had sold them a 180-year-old four-poster bed shortly before the kidnapping.

That bed is still at Wyntoon, and Steve has now resigned himself to the fact that it will probably never be his. More than a year after the kidnapping, Weed recognizes that his chances of ever rebuilding a life with Patty are very low. Among the things that have convinced Steve that she truly has converted is a crucial interview with Tom Matthews, the suburban Los Angeles youth kidnapped by the SLA in mid-May. Matthews, who has been avoiding the press, told Steve about a remarkable conversation he had with her when he was being held captive overnight by Patty and Bill and Emily Harris. While hiding out at a drive-in double feature, Patty explained to Matthews that her abduction had not been staged and that ironically she had dreamed of being kidnapped shortly before the actual event.

Tania voiced regret over panicking the night of February 4 ("It was stupid of me to scream like that") and pride over having shot a gun during an Inglewood getaway earlier that day. She was particularly bitter about her father's refusal to comply with SLA demands and said she had considered publicly denouncing him as a "fucker." Matthews was amazed by the composure of the kidnappers, who actually concentrated on the movies. He couldn't believe it when Emily Harris jumped out of the hijacked van to pick up food for all at the snack bar.

By November, most of the crucial interviewing was done and we worked constantly to polish up the first six chapters to Steve's satisfaction. Some of them were rewritten as many as five times to keep him happy. Weed and his friends had a number of criticisms about the manuscript. After going over one section, he suggested that I consider trying longer sentences on the rewrite. He worried that an elaborate description of the Berkeley apartment might prompt the Hearsts into asking him to sell back one of the valuable Oriental rugs he and Patty bought at a discount from Wyntoon. And he was concerned that the kidnap chapter did not make him look sufficiently brave or concerned about Patty's welfare.

This concern was shared by a friend of his, who claimed the second half of that chapter made "Steve sound like an asshole. . . . No one will buy a book in which the main character is a jerk." I reminded Steve that our editor had liked this material in an early draft, which I was rewriting in line with his criticisms. After thinking it over, Weed admitted his friend might be getting a little carried away and decided there was no reason to change it. In fact, he even went on to say several times that our editor, whom we both respected a great deal, would become the final judge of literary disagreements between the two of us.

Just before Thanksgiving our editor called with word that he liked the first six chapters I had written and sent with Steve's approval. It looked like our next $30,000 advance installment would be coming through shortly. Margot and I celebrated at a restaurant that evening and started planning how we were going to spend our $9,000 portion of the Ballantine money.

I reached Steve with the good news the following day. He sounded very disappointed and I found out why when he arrived at my office on December 1. After he sat down, I gave him copies of

Steve was obsessed with fine rugs: "Rugs are wonderful, Roger. You can roll around, and rub against them and everything"

Chapters Seven and Eight, which had just been submitted to the publisher after both of us made revisions. Then I asked him to begin reading Chapter Nine, which I had finished over Thanksgiving weekend. This was the crucial chapter in which Steve would acknowledge that the way he had conducted himself in the relationship might have had something to do with Patty's conversion. He refused to read it: "That's the problem, Roger," he said. "You're on Chapter Nine and I'm only on Chapter Three."

Weed explained that he and another friend had been secretly rewriting the chapters I had sent to the publisher. He asked me to stop writing temporarily while he notified Ballantine that the version we had been working on since June was no longer acceptable to him. When I asked him to enumerate the problems, he said, among other things, that the manuscript was too personal. I reminded him of our joint commitment to tell all and set the record straight. "Well," Steve asked me, "how would you like it if I wrote about the first time you ate someone out?" I shook my head and said: "Steve, you know there's nothing like that in the manuscript." He jabbed a finger at me: "Yah, but it's the principle of the thing."

After refusing to let me see his rewrite of my draft, Weed flew to New York the following week and presented them to our editor. Following a review of Steve's three chapters, the editor told him he was happy with the eight chapters I had already sent in and asked him to let me finish the book (which I estimated would take three weeks). When Steve refused, Ballantine canceled the contract.

In January Weed filed a $450,000 suit against me in California Superior Court, charging, among other things, that I wrote pages that "were not of literary merit, and would, if published, be a matter of embarrassment" to him.

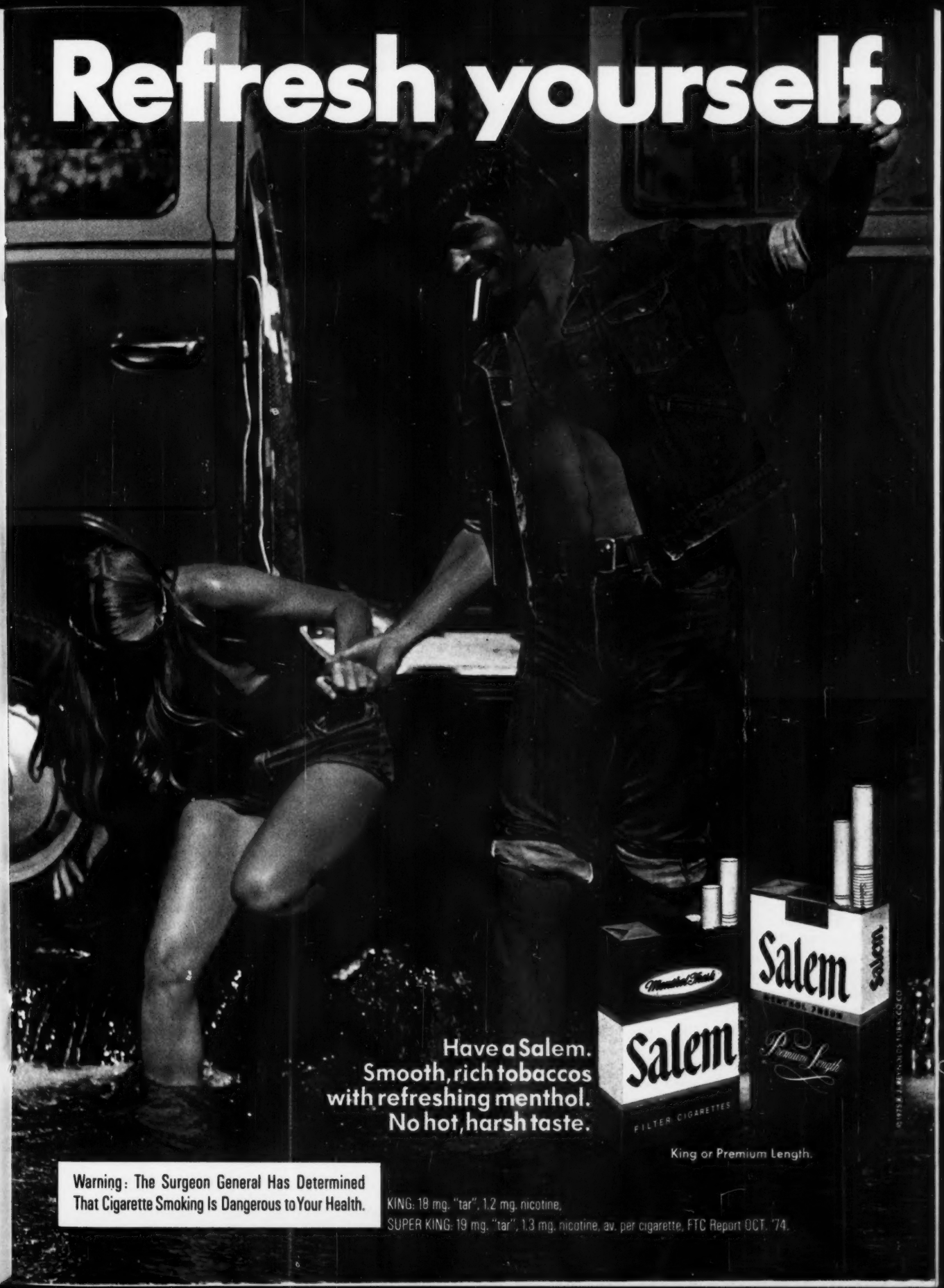
Steve now indicates that he can't think of a single sentence from the draft I wrote that he would use. However, a review of the three chapters he took to Ballantine in December indicates there are over 140 instances where he has directly or indirectly plagiarized my writing. All this will be discussed in an Oakland court, although coverage may be limited due to Steve's apparent determination to seal the record. This would effectively keep secret depositions and exhibits on the substance of the case. Right now it looks like a spring trial.

I still see Steve periodically in court and our lawyers talk to one another regularly. Now that my work on the big Hearst epic has been halted, I've returned to my other book and postponed magazine writing.

Steve is continuing to research his own story. Sometimes I get the feeling he finds solace in his role as the martyred exfiance. Certainly the book gives him a way to keep busy and helps him avoid the problem of figuring out what to do with the rest of his life.

Both of us are currently working out arrangements to repay Ballantine the first $15,000 advance installment. What with legal fees and everything, it looks like it will be a while before Steve can afford to ship those nice antiques home from England. Both he and I still get asked when our book is coming out. When we explain the breakup, people seem disappointed.

I still keep getting asked questions about the Hearst case. Just yesterday a reporter called to ask if I had any idea where Patty Hearst might be hiding out. "I don't know," I told him, "but I think I know why she hasn't come back." ●


Refresh yourself.
Have a Salem.
Smooth, rich tobaccos
with refreshing menthol.
No hot, harsh taste.
Menthol Flash
Salem
FILTER CIGARETTES
Salem
Premium Length
King or Premium Length.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
KING: 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine,
SUPER KING: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report OCT. '74.

Prisoners of psychotherapy

A patient who wishes to forsake the analytical couch must first hurdle the emotional obstacle course set by the therapist

By Mark L. Stein

"All I could think of," said the young woman at the cocktail party, "was the title of that old rock song. You know—'Breaking Up Is Hard To Do.' "

She went on to describe a collection of symptoms—sleepless nights, persistent feelings of guilt tinged with anger, obsessive doubts that she'd done the right thing, telephone calls cut off in mid-dial—that seemed appropriate for one who had recently, ambivalently and somewhat messily ended a love affair.

But in reality she had ended a relationship unsung in the steamy lyrics of the '50s. After 20 months of horizontal ups and downs, she had risen for the last time from the cigarette-scarred couch, left the ranks of an estimated 15 million people currently enmeshed in some form of psychotherapy, and walked her final steps to freedom through the double wooden doors of the professional suite. She had fired her shrink.

Breaking up *is* hard to do . . . and it can sometimes take years of treatment to get around to doing it; two, five and, if you go by Woody Allen, more than ten. When it happens depends upon several factors: whether a person has found relief from the painful symptoms that brought him or her to treatment; whether you have successfully defused the loaded childhood distortions and conflicts that have been affecting your success as a functioning adult; and whether you have developed enough inner strength to cope with depression, anxiety and frustration on your own. Freud himself was pessimistic about the degree to which people actually change through treatment. In the last article he ever published, "Analysis: Terminable and Interminable" (1938), he specifically describes the limitations of the "miraculous talking cure."

If progress is so difficult to achieve in even the most intensive 5-times a week course of treatment, one may legitimately ask how you can tell whether you're making any progress at all.

Is it progress to become so dependent upon therapy that you must, in a real sense, be pried loose from treatment by the therapist? Many are.

In contrast, what about the sizable group of patients, like the young woman at the cocktail party, who have independently elected to leave therapy against the expressed advice of their therapists? Is that a mark of lunacy or sanity?

Like any newly dissatisfied consumer, a patient abandons treatment for a variety of reasons, ranging from a feeling that he's made enough progress in therapy to a realization that he's been getting nowhere all too slowly.

On the other side of the couch, however, the bias among therapists seems to be that a patient leaves "prematurely" because he basically doesn't have what it takes to make it in the land of id, ego and superego. But how is the patient to know whether he's dealing with a bad therapist who can't admit mistakes or whether he's a coward who resists learning the Ugly Truth?

Some therapists, for example, choose to regard the self-terminating patient as frightened, reluctant to delve deeply into his or her problems, who retreats from therapy by convincing himself that he really doesn't need it.

Take the case of Betty R., at 26 a pale and nervous secretary chronically depressed about a life with no direction. Single and lonely with nary a friend on the horizon, she'd sought treatment to cope with feelings of being unfulfilled. After a year and a half of spending a salary-

ILLUSTRATIONS BY IGNACIO GOMEZ

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devouring $40 a week cloistered indoors with her therapist, Betty finally spoke up. Her usually pale cheeks were flushed with nervousness at her daring, and her palms were perspiring. "You know, doctor," she said, "I've been thinking. Wouldn't I be much better off spending this money taking an evening course where at least I'd be broadening myself and meeting new people? I want to stop treatment."

Her therapist sat silently in his Barca Lounger for several long minutes. Then, stroking his pencil, he stared over the top of his glasses at her. "In running from therapy," he said, "you're just running away from yourself. To quit now is nothing more than giving up."

The therapist made no mention of the significant progress Betty had obviously made simply because she realized her life held other options, and that she was now 1,000 percent more assertive than when she'd begun. No supportive reinforcement for her decision did he offer.

As for Betty R., the becoming bloom in her cheeks faded and her nervousness returned. But terminate she did.

Was she one of those people some therapists refer to as less intelligent, less imaginative, less verbally skillful, more inclined to seek physical rather than emotional explanations for her problems than the patients who remain in therapy? Perhaps.

But rarely mentioned by these same therapists are research findings uncovered by some of the profession's Naderesque mavericks, like Dr. Richard B. Stuart, a University of Michigan psychologist. His work provides a more logical justification for firing one's therapist: namely,that therapy often simply does not work. Dr. Stuart sums up his doubts regarding therapy's effectiveness with a rhetorical question: "Trick or treatment?" His meticulous review of psychotherapy research has led him to assert that many therapists have tricked themselves, society in general and patients in particular into the false belief that they provide useful treatment.

Support for this view has been provided by a number of studies: (the now famous Leary-Barron study (1955) and the H.J. Eysenck study (1952),which indicate that as many as 72 percent of a sampling of neurotics not in treatment showed more improvement over the same period of time as neurotics in treatment.

These findings suggest that a patient's decision to fire his therapist may be as realistic as a fat person's decision to abandon a diet that fails to help him lose weight. But jettisoning a therapist is not quite as easy as discarding a diet. A patient who wishes to forsake the couch must often run an emotional obstacle course.

Such was the conclusion of Roger P., a slightly balding Bostonian lawyer in his early 30s, in treatment because his courtroom self-assurance dissolved into impotence in intimate relationships. Previously in awe of his silent therapist,Roger rashly announced one session six months into treatment that he considered his case dismissed. The therapist, a taciturn fellow who chain-smoked Tiparillos, gazed briefly at the slice of Charles River visible from his office window, exhaled a puff of smoke and said, "This desire to leave therapy is very common in cases like yours. What do you think is *really* happening between us?" The lawyer, uncowed by district attorneys and hanging judges, was completely stymied by the therapist's response.

If the termination struggle were a tennis match, this question would be the

How is a patient to know if he's dealing with a bad therapist or if he's a coward who resists learning the Ugly Truth?

equivalent of a game-opening 90-mile-per-hour serve to the backhand side. The question fulfills a dual purpose: it gets the termination game underway and establishes the relative strengths and weaknesses of its players.

"I'm wondering," continued the therapist when his patient remained silent, "whether you are really asking me for reassurance that you are getting better?"

"But I'm not getting better."

The therapist waited, quietly smoking, until finally his patient asked, "Am I?"

"You see? This is the real issue behind your vague feeling of dissatisfaction. A wish for reassurance."

"Yes," replied the patient. "I see that now."

And Roger P. joined the ranks of the prisoners of psychotherapy.

Perhaps it is because a private therapist's patients are bound by psychotherapy in an emotional rather than a literal sense that society has failed to appreciate the immense potential for manipulation and control it has conferred upon the therapist.

The strategy initiated by this therapist's opening ploy—the most common one in termination games—may be labeled "I Know Something You Don't Know." It conveys the message that the patient's desire to leave treatment is by no means a decision arrived at rationally. No. The wish to leave therapy is merely a smokescreen concealing the patient's real feelings—feelings the therapist will calmly tease apart from the patient's confused tangle of emotions until he comprehends that his decision to leave was, after all, just another reason to remain in treatment. Until he gets to know himself as well as the therapist does. For his therapist knows something he doesn't know.

Sometimes a patient will pierce the knowledge-ignorance barrier and dispute his therapist's reasons for resisting termination, an act of rebellion that sparks a new phase of the termination scenario, a refinement of the knowledge-ignorance ploy called "Father Knows Best."

That's the one pulled on Connie M., an airline stewardess disturbed by her tendency to gain weight during episodic eating sprees. Connie entered treatment with a sympathetically plump clinical psychologist. "A few things bothered me about him," Connie recalls. "He kept a bowl of hard candies on his desk and ate them incessantly throughout the session. I couldn't take my eyes off those candies just two feet away. And *he* was supposed to help me diet?

"Then, he was always late. I mean, when you get right down to it he was a fat, inconsiderate slob."

Connie decided to terminate treatment after her therapist had arrived late for seven consecutive sessions, and told him so.

"Of course,you've decided," he replied evenly. "But don't you hear what you're actually saying to me?"

Connie hesitated. "I guess I don't."

"Well, let's put it this way: isn't it nice, at long last, to tell Daddy to go to hell!"

This Father Knows Best strategy derives its power from the fact that therapy is in some respects similar to a parent-child relationship. Therapists, in fact, observe that a patient transfers many feelings of love and hate originally directed toward parents onto the therapist himself. These "transference emotions" do surface in the course of treatment and indeed are central to it. But once a patient is convinced that transference feelings can exert an unconscious influence upon his actions, a therapist's introduction of the Father Knows Best game becomes a potent countermove

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against even the most rational stirrings of self-determination. Yet when the patient has benefited from treatment and feels ready to deal with his conflicts without the aid of therapy, how much does the therapist himself "transfer" his personal, unprofessional feelings onto the patient during a termination struggle?

Most professionals contend that such "countertransference" feelings on the part of the therapist are held strictly in check by rigorous self-examination. In fact, most therapists go beyond self-scrutiny and rely upon their own consulting therapists to keep personal feelings out of the treatment relationship. Despite such attempts at objectivity, there is persuasive evidence that termination is as emotionally charged for the therapist as for the patient. Many therapists react to a patient's decision to leave by feeling threatened on a number of levels, notably financial, emotional and professional.

There are some therapists, for example, whose wish to retain patients rests squarely on monetary grounds. Recently, a young psychologist applied for a position with a wealthy upstate New York group practice. In the course of his interview with the psychiatric director of the practice, he was asked:

"Can you hold patients?"

Misunderstanding the question, the psychologist answered, "Only when I think they're about to hurt themselves."

"No, no, I mean can you hold them in treatment? Do your patients remain in treatment for, shall we say, a practical length of time?"

"I imagine they do, yes."

"The reason I ask," the psychiatrist explained, "is that each patient entering treatment with us represents a potential sum of income to the practice. If patients leave treatment too early, the practice sustains a considerable financial loss."

The psychologist did not accept the job and, as he later reported, came away from the interview rather stunned at the psychiatrist's openness in discussing his view of patients as blank checks.

Fortunately, the majority of reputable therapists have waiting lists long enough to eliminate the need to "hold" patients out of economic considerations.

Self-interest of another sort may, nevertheless, impel a therapist to prolong treatment; it is often simply more convenient to retain a current patient than to break in a new one whose idiosyncrasies must be mastered and who must be taught the therapist's style of doing things. One therapist, for instance, forbids his patients to smoke during sessions. It's a hard rule to insist upon for his often anxious patients, so hard in fact that the good doctor prefers his now docile older patients to the outcry presented by someone new.

"Teaching a patient the no-smoking rule is like owning a new car," laments this psychiatrist. "Once you break it in and get it to purr along, you dread the prospect of having to start all over again with another one."

Even more powerful forces against termination seem to spring from the therapist's unconscious feelings. Since therapists deny that they lose control of their feelings during a treatment relationship, researchers have been required to devise ingenious procedures to demonstrate how strikingly a therapist's emotions may indeed influence his behavior with patients.

Such research was conducted by a team led by Dr. Peter Nathan, whose work was connected with Harvard Medical School. In this study a psychoanalyst, his personal feelings presumably held strictly in check, treated a suicidal patient for 13 weeks. The office arrangements were intentionally weird. Therapist and patient sat in separate rooms linked by closed-circuit television. To receive a clear picture of his patient and to hear what he was saying, the analyst was required to press a button 120 times each minute.

Whenever the analyst's response rate fell below 120 per minute, he lost audio and visual contact with his patient.

By keeping track of the number of button presses per session, it was possible to get an accurate and unbiased indication of the analyst's level of interest in his patient.

For the first six sessions the analyst became increasingly involved with his patient, as shown by the fact that his rate of button pressing doubled during this period. But a remarkable transformation occurred during the seventh session: the therapist literally turned off his patient. His rate of button pressing dropped so sharply that he couldn't see or hear the patient for much of the session.

What happened? Initially, the analyst could not account for his dramatic loss of interest and, most significantly, was not even aware that it had occurred.

Then he remembered. Just before the seventh session, an acquaintance of his had committed suicide. After this personal tragedy, he wanted as little to do with his suicidal patient as possible and—without realizing it—tuned him out.

Understandable? Of course. Therapists are human, too. But as this research demonstrates, a therapist is often unaware of how powerfully his human feelings and vulnerabilities enter into therapy, feelings that may emerge during a termination struggle.

A therapist may also become emotionally attached to his clients, a situation leading to a poignant termination game called "Never Can Say Goodbye." One unwilling player in this game was Catherine, an attractive, auburn-haired ex-nun making the transition from secluded convent life to her new identity as a social worker. With the help of a supportive female psychoanalyst, she had worked through the sexual conflicts that had originally compelled her to seek refuge in celibacy. One day, after two years of therapy, she arrived for her hour looking radiant; her thick red hair gleamed in the spring sunlight. She wore lipstick and perfume. In short, she had blossomed into a strikingly beautiful young woman. Yet when she announced she felt herself ready to end treatment, her analyst demurred.

"I don't feel you're fully prepared to go it alone . . . just yet," her plump middle-aged therapist said vaguely.

The ex-nun decided to become an ex-patient anyway. "When I left the office after that last session," she recalls, "I had the eerie feeling my therapist was about to shout, 'Don't go, I'll miss you!' Well, I'll miss her, too, but I'm not going to hide from the world on a couch the same way I hid from it at the convent."

Indeed, so many patients report similar experiences that University of Minnesota psychologist Daniel Wiener has cautioned patients against remaining in treatment solely for fear of hurting a therapist's feelings. Says Dr. Wiener in his *Personal Guide to Psychotherapy*, a consumer's guide, "Attractive patients who respond to their therapists with appreciation and friendship are among the therapist's most prized relationships, and they brighten his often dull life. He may be truly reluctant to see you leave."

Without doubt, it is as pleasant to be prized by one's therapist as it is to be valued by any other close acquaintance. The difference, of course, is that a therapist demands payment. Dr. William Schofield, another Minnesota psychologist, stresses this essential difference between therapy and other human pairings and describes therapy as often no more than "the purchase of friendship." A patient who keeps this in mind may have an easier time of dealing with his therapist's emotional resistance to termination.

It is, however, difficult to deal with a more insidious source of termination resistance: professional pride. When Daniel Wiener and his colleague Donald Stieper investigated the "interminability" of psychotherapy, they found that the longer a patient remained in treatment, the more likely his therapist was to rate him as "improved."

A therapist may become emotionally attached to his clients, a situation leading to a poignant termination game called "Never Can Say Goodbye"

A patient who sticks with his therapist, then, may feed the therapist's sense of professional worth, and, in gratitude, be awarded an improvement merit badge. Wiener and Stieper compared improvement ratings made by therapists who tended to hold patients in treatment to ratings made by the patients themselves. They found that patients consistently disputed their therapists, feeling that little was gained by long treatment, and the researchers warned that indeed this interminable brand of psychotherapy "may be potentially harmful to its clients."

Protracted treatment may also represent the ultimate termination game, an existential charade called "No Exit" in which the therapist holds the patient in treatment because there always seems to be one more neurotic snarl to untangle just over the next hill—even though the point of diminishing returns has long ago been reached.

The sense of pride that motivates the therapist's No Exit game has a clearly defensive aspect. For therapists not only play games with patients; they play games with other therapists as well. Since a heavy proportion of patients who fire one therapist will later hook up with another, a patient's decision to abandon treatment may pose a threat to his therapist's slot in the professional pecking order.

Dr. Martin Shepard, a New York psychiatrist, has compared the attitude of a therapist who begins to treat a colleague's ex-patient to that of a dentist "who must always decry the work done by the dentist before him and replace old fillings with new ones." No matter how competent or confident the original therapist might be, the prospect of a former patient bad-mouthing him in an office across town is not one he relishes.

In view of the anti-termination games many therapists are apt to play to protect their pride, their incomes and their sense of omnipotence, here are some guideposts the future terminator should bear in mind before embarking on any course of psychotherapy:

- Question whether your problem *really* warrants psychiatric attention. Some professionals, notably Thomas Szasz and William Schofield, condemn the contemporary trend toward considering all of life's problems to be symptoms of illness.
- Make a list, before entering treatment, of the specific life changes you expect to accomplish in therapy.
- Interview a number of therapists until you find one who seems competent, compatible and willing to pursue your goals.
- Most important, remain in treatment only as long as you feel you are progressing toward your goals. If you are making no progress whatever, discuss the matter candidly with your doctor.

Therapy works; but therapists are only human. They, too, find it hard to let go. It is the patient, then, who must trust his own judgment that therapy should end. Paradoxically, it seems that only by the hard task of cutting through the games and maneuvers of the termination struggle—by breaking up with his therapist—will the prisoner of psychotherapy finally attain the emotional freedom he originally entered treatment to find. ●

LED ZEPPELIN.

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SWAN SONG

Distributed by Atlantic Records

A "Marlboro man" blows his stack

By Michael Parfit

When Wally McRae came home to his ranch in the rugged hills of Montana, he found the energy wolf at his door, gnawing at the bones of his land. Now he's a man with a mission and an image: conservative turned radical, cowboy turned Indian

Wally McRae has the small eyes of a shark and the scars of a middle-echelon predator accustomed to fighting for its food. At the Montana Power Company office in Colstrip, Montana, it has been said that if you take a company pickup through the gates of his outfit about ten miles away down on Rosebud Creek, he's likely to shoot you dead on the road.

McRae has a photo of himself he keeps somewhere among the stacks of environmental impact statements, speeches and poems that clutter his house. It's an 8 by 10, mounted on cardboard, a head shot from the side, backlit so the face is in somber shadow. There's the dark hair, the sideburns, the heavy brow that looks as if his brains pushed his head out from under his hat, the stiff mustache, the creased jaw and the thick nose, an inheritance from his father. In the photo the brows are low, and by a trick of angle the eye has no pupil and stands out, white and empty, in a face heavy with deliberation. By McRae's own description, it looks as if he is strangling somebody, slowly.

Maybe somebody from the Peabody Coal Company whom he caught trespassing, drilling for coal.

Wally McRae, 39 years old, 5 feet, 10 inches tall, is a tough son of a buck, tougher, he might say, than a fried frog. The Marlboro Cowboy, chapped and hatted and etched against a landscape of red cliffs and ponderosa pine, with cattle behind him, snorting a cold mist in the grassed belly of the coulee.

It is a rich stereotype, ripe for exploitation. The New York *Times* is on the phone, Wally; the man from *The Atlantic Monthly* is jolting down the road from Forsyth, and NBC said it's sending a crew over next week, and could you find them a picturesque spot with your land and the mine in the background? When they make you up they won't cover the thin scar that parts your face in the middle, and they won't want to know that you got it playing basketball, not branding steers.

Because the tough rancher from Rosebud Creek, once a rodeo clown and a Navy lieutenant, is now a man with an image: the conservative radical, cowboy turned Indian, silhouetted on a Montana ridge, planning an ambush on strip mining, industrialization and the energy-first policies of a president. And from that ridge he may eventually ride, although reluctantly, down into the main stampede of politics.

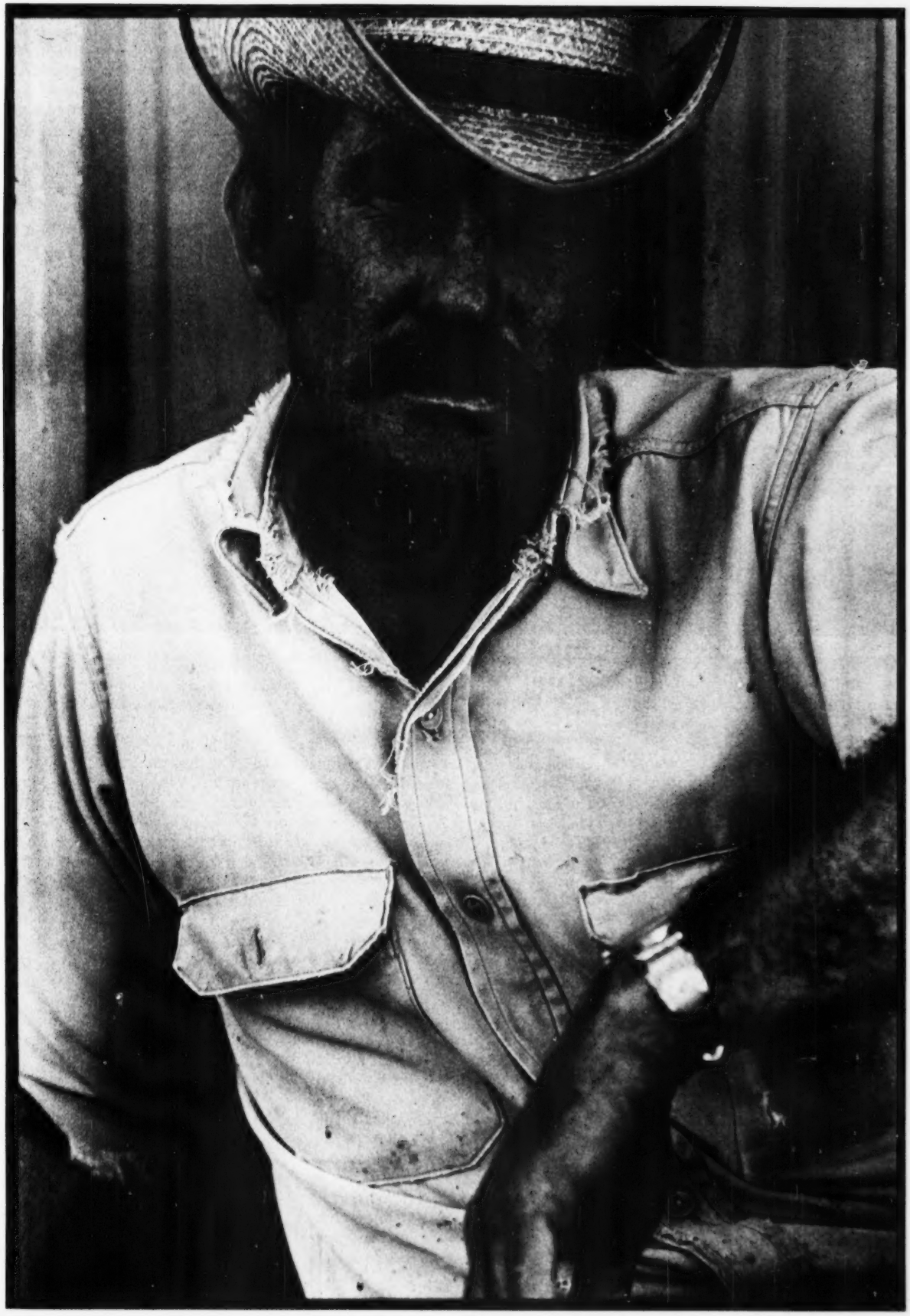
In 1963 Wallace McRae, born and raised on the Rosebud, was looking for a ranch. His father had died suddenly, and McRae, who had gone into the Navy after graduating with a zoology B.S. from Montana State in 1958, came home to manage his affairs. First he sold his and his mother's interest in the family ranch near Colstrip, then he and his Pennsylvania-raised wife, Ruth, went prospecting. They looked at an outfit on the west side of the divide, at Dixon, but there was a dam proposed there that might interfere with ranching. Then, at a place near Big Timber on the Yellowstone, poison weeds grew too thickly in the fields. And up in the far northeastern corner of the state, near Opheim, "clear to hell and gone half way to the North Pole," the wind could blow like a long knife, and snow could bury cattle where they stood.

So, like any wise native who knows his homeland best, McRae returned to the ragged red hills of southeastern Montana, the land of the Little Bighorn and the Tongue rivers, of the Northern Cheyenne, of needle and thread and buffalo grass and ponderosa, where hay grows unirrigated in the bottomland and cattle can find shelter from the winter wind behind the scoria cliffs whose color gave Rosebud Creek its name. McRae bought the Rocker 6 Cattle Company, a 30,000-acre spread that supports about 600 cows, and he settled down for life.

But what the ranchers call scoria is burned sandstone, pink clinkers, baked and cracked and colored by centuries of smoldering coal. And beneath the scoria are fresh, black seams, each 20 to 250 feet thick, shelf after shelf of pressed fire, stacked to 6,000 feet deep in the sprawling mass under North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana and Wyoming that is the Fort Union formation. One and a half trillion tons of low-sulfur coal, if you can see it. The top of this loaf of Paleocene forests is a 100-billion-ton crust of available coal—100 to 150 feet underground—easily dug out; and most of it lies under ranch land, including McRae's.

For years the coal was little more than a useful oddity: a small mine at Colstrip fed steam locomotives until the diesels ran them off. But today the once-tiny town of Colstrip is booming—hundreds of trailers anchored in a rocky marina. Nearby, huge draglines and shovels lift and dump methodically, and the town it-

Michael Parfit last reported for *NEW TIMES* on "A Matter of Survival."



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARBARA PFEFFER

self is shadowed by day and lit by night by twin 505-foot stacks, the nostrils of a pair of 350-megawatt power plants, now nearly finished, whose warning strobes flash rhythmically into the big sky. Two more mine-mouth plants are planned there, each generating 700 megawatts of power to flow away to cities east and west.

Wally McRae is a typical cowboy; he likes to sleep in. At the Rocker 6, most mornings are unhurried. McRae gets up just in time to see Clint, 12, Allison, 10, and Natalie, 8, trek to the bus to the Colstrip school, then eats a light breakfast, with Ruth teasing him if she notices him reading the cereal box; he consumes print more voraciously than food. But even in the quiet morning McRae doesn't forget the coal and the mines and the power plants and the industrialization they bring; the strobes flash across the hills and penetrate his mind.

In his canny searching for the perfect ranch, he avoided the dam and the poison weeds and the overwhelming winter only to come home and find the energy wolf at his door, gnawing at the bones of the land. And he may have to go looking again—like most of his neighbors, McRae controls only the surface and little of the coal, and he lives downwind.

So he sits at the kitchen table, his first Lucky Strike of the day resting ignored in a spur-shaped ashtray on the plastic tablecloth, the smoke a straight plume, and he looks back the way he has come.

The Peabody Coal Company people first visited McRae's outfit in '67, he remembers. Peabody, a Kennecott Copper subsidiary, which is best known for its stripping at Black Mesa, Arizona, is one of two mining companies already digging near Colstrip. One day three Peabody representatives dropped in on McRae, asking permission to core drill. Their pitch, Ruth remembers, was "as smooth as ice."

You might as well know if you've got coal, Wally. Might be worth something to you. Your neighbors are letting us drill, and it looks like the seam goes right through your land.

I run a ranch, not a mine, McRae said. The line hardened.

Well, Wally, you don't own the coal, you know. The railroad owns it, every other section, as spoils for pushing west, and the government owns the rest. We've got a right to prospect. Of course, let's visit about it, let's be reasonable. You might get a well or two out of the deal.

McRae asked his lawyer, and his lawyer said you've got to let them on. OK, McRae said, if I must, I must, but I don't want any wells, you damn well better not damage my land, and don't use the water from my reservoirs.

Then, one warm summer afternoon, Rip Sept, a hired hand, came to McRae with a report:

"Somebody dropped the oil out of their outfit and threw a bunch of oil filters over in the summer pasture," Sept said. "And you can see the tracks where they backed into the reservoir over there at the head of the Shaver canyon. You can see their tracks and the print of the hose."

"I think," McRae says, ruminating, "I think that that's the first time I got mad."

The careless incident created a formidable opponent of coal development.

"I kind of got involved in it from then on," McRae says. "I started reading up and finding out what should be in the law and talking to legislators and writing letters and running back and forth to Helena and things like that and I've been there ever since."

Beneath the scorcia are fresh, black seams, each 20 to 250 feet thick, shelf after shelf of pressed fire

Matters of controversy are now accompanied by a murky tail of official hearings in their flare through the atmosphere of public opinion. So McRae joined the hearing circuit as the token cowboy, and it was like signing on with a road show. "It *was* a game," McRae says, picking up the cigarette stump and narrowing his blue eyes as he draws in what is left. "But a serious one. I felt that my point of view should get out, and I also felt that Peabody Coal Company's point of view should get out." He ponders this statement of magnanimity for a moment, the brows down. "Because a lot of times the Peabody point of view offended people. And that suited me like hell." He puts down the cigarette and laughs, a wheezing chuckle that shakes his body gently. Somewhere within him, McRae is convulsed at the insanity of the whole frowning matter, but he keeps his sense of irony in check.

As the issue ran downhill, it picked up tributaries and deepened and grew in power. Now it is no longer the blight of strip mining alone that McRae is fighting, nor the question of reclamation. It is now the massive potential hidden in the coal, along with its heat, to turn the northern plains into another Pittsburgh region, thick with smoke and thunder and people. Coal, McRae argues, begets power plants, then gasification and liquefaction plants, which, in turn, beget industry in search of power, and suddenly—splat—cities. Like the Cheyenne before him, McRae is fighting not only for his land but also for his way of life, the cowboy way of spaciousness and freedom that has been disappearing from the West almost since the day it began.

It's the third great western tragedy, McRae says. The first was the destruction of the Indian; industry and government decided to open up the country, and that mighty coalition, so slick at cooperation, rounded up the renegades. The next was the futile invasion of the homesteaders, whom early Montanans called honyockers. Between 1910 and 1920 about 70,000 to 80,000 honyockers poured into Montana, dreaming about creeks and springs where there was only arid range land, their hopes fed by government and by railroads and by strange theories about irrigation and dry land farms. From 1918 to 1920 the sun dried them out, like grapes on a mat, and they carried their wizened dreams away in baskets.

"And now we've got the third thing." The cigarette is out, McRae's gestures are broad, the voice vibrant. When he talks like this at hearings, the chatter that accompanies boredom subsides and the men smoking in the hall drift back into the room. "The federal government says there's an energy crisis, we've got to be self-sufficient in energy, and some large energy conglomerates are saying we're going to broaden your tax base and we're going to settle the West, we're going to disperse population and it's going to be an unmitigated good thing. It's just another travesty, perpetrated by the same damn people that have been doing it forever."

After breakfast McRae, with a black bandana wound tightly around his neck, loads up his shirt pocket with a handful of the blue-tipped kitchen matches that he strikes on his boot when he lights up, and goes out to his red pickup to feed his cows. It is early spring, and the cows can't dig full sustenance out of the snow, so McRae takes them hay and supplement every day. It's been a bad year for cattlemen with prices dragging, but McRae's safe: out of either an urge to

The land of the Northern Cheyenne, of needle and thread and buffalo grass and ponderosa, before and after the miners arrived.

Ethel, After years of waiting for the Sunrise, the light just dawned.

YOU!

It's clear that you're never going to learn that CUERVO MAKES THE SUNRISE. And that all I'm ever going to get from you are drinks that are a cloudy mess.

How many times have I explained that a Sunrise is simplicity itself? Orange juice, tequila, and a dollop of grenadine. And that the brightest Sunrise of all is the original... a Cuervo Sunrise.

Well, Ethel, I've got news. I've discovered Sonia. As a friend, Sonia has several advantages over you.
(1) She has her own apartment.
(2) She can whip up a perfect Sunrise at the drop of a hint. And now I know, if a friend doesn't know that Cuervo makes the Sunrise, you have to make a new friend. Like Sonia.

Alex

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show he knows how to compromise on energy, or to complicate matters for coal miners, he signed a five-year oil exploration lease last fall.

McRae walks slowly across the yard, one hand in the front pocket of his jeans and the other in the back, so he looks like a truck out of alignment. His gait, which has been affectionately compared to that of a gorilla, is slightly lopsided: he has broken his left leg three times in falls with horses, and it is now held together by bone grafts and three steel pins that bite with the cold in winter. ("Did you break it in the same place," a friend asked McRae after the second fall. "No," he answered. "About six miles east.")

The pickup is meandering in the direction of the cows when a coyote, grey and wary, lopes up on a ridge. McRae slams the truck off the road and through the sagebrush, riding the bucking seat loosely and reaching for the scoped rifle in the rack behind his head. The dry snow, a foot deep, smokes up behind the truck, but the coyote becomes a trickle of quicksilver and slides toward a gully, and as quickly as he jerked the pickup from the road, McRae turns it back.

Coyote-killer, conservative rancher, the gun in the rack of the truck. Images that fit a mold. In many places in this land the most pleasant thing a conservative orator with God, Country and Progress on his mind can see as he stands on the stage is a hall full of ranchers' distinctive pale foreheads arranged like open clams before him. Elsewhere, these pale foreheads are gathering to fight OSHA (Occupational Safety and Health Administration), land use planning, food stamps, the Sierra Club and the hippies building shacks in the hills. But here, as the controversy grindstone spins, kicking sparks, everyone is honed at new angles, and among those shaped and shaping is Wally McRae.

"I've always been a conservative Republican," he says flatly, then, typically, stops to think out his words; he never runs off at the mouth. "But—more and more of the people that are taking the position on coal development and coal-oriented industrialization that I'm concerned with are liberal Democrats."

He pulls the truck through a gate. The cows are rooting around at the corner of the wrong field, obstinate and lazy and fat with coming calves. McRae parks and waits for them to come, while, on the radio, Mac Davis laments about rock and roll on KGHL in Billings.

"I sure like that song," McRae says suddenly and listens in silence for a while. Then: "The people that I go to for support . . . have sure changed, so probably I have. I still have a hard time buying a lot of liberal ideas, but I'm beginning to have more difficulty buying some of the conservative ideas, too."

The cows are slow. The stack of hay in the pickup is not enough enticement, so McRae leans on the horn. Then he rolls down the window and lets out a long, moo-like cross between a warble and a scream, a rising yell that wobbles at its peak, then cuts off so suddenly its echo is surprised. The cry, which must sound something like a calf in pain, prods the cows with a sense of urgency, and a lead mother begins to trot, lumberingly, with a rotund power that rolls from side to side like a pregnant locomotive on old tracks. "Not everybody can do that," McRae says quietly, and does it again.

Although McRae isn't ready to chuck his conservatism and his bruised party the way of old Levi's, his opponents have already bundled him up in the radical sheaf with all the other "red-eyed, rug chewin' environmentalists." They hope he'll be uncomfortable there.

Now it is no longer the blight of strip mining alone that McRae is fighting, nor the question of reclamation, but the potential of coal to turn the northern plains into another Pittsburgh region

"It bothers me," says his old friend Tuma, solicitously. "Because those same people are going to turn on him one of these days. You know, they don't really care that much for agriculture, either."

But change erodes dogma on all sides, and if McRae's conservativism has been warped some by the heat of the conflict, the liberal environmentalists may also have found some of his attitudes enlightening.

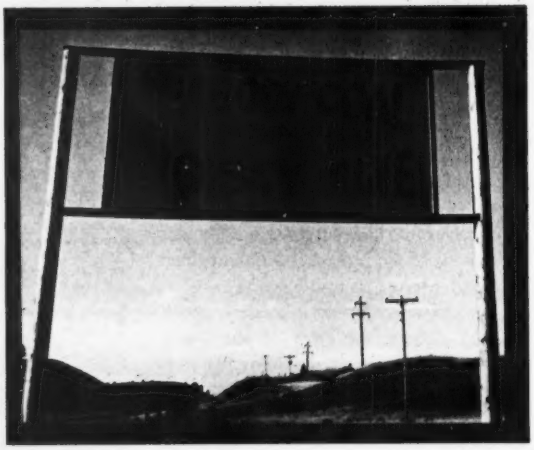
Up on the fourth floor of the Stapleton building in downtown Billings, appropriately close to the mighty edifice of the Montana Power Company's Billings office, is the home of the Northern Plains Resource Council. While McRae feeds his cattle in the morning, the nine staff members of the council, which was formed in 1972 to fight coal development, gather in a cubbyhole office among small, bright shops. Here, young graduates of Harvard and Berkeley and Stanford and the University of Montana work full time for $250 a month to plan the strategy that they hope will weaken the might of Peabody Coal and the power companies and slow the development of the Fort Union coal. Right now the council is focused on the two proposed 700-megawatt plants, which promise additional webs of transmission lines, further industrialization, accelerated mining and a pollution pattern that spreads like a mutated flower across environmental impact charts. The staff reports to a 15-member board, mostly ranchers, of which McRae is chairman.

In one of the tiny rooms, plastered with photos and clippings and posters, Bill Mitchell, 29, with an M.A. in wildlife biology from Berkeley, leans way back in a swivel chair and talks about McRae and the cowboys of eastern Montana. Unlike McRae, who contemplates the location of his mind with caution and doesn't rush to admit a shift, Mitchell jumps to call himself down.

"Yeah, they've done as much of a job on our ideas as we have on theirs," he says. "Hell, I used to be a wild-eyed environmentalist, you know, and being educated in the field I could rationalize my position fairly scientifically. But, like, I've got some fairly conservative views now. . . . These ranchers are basic, conservative capitalists. I respect the fundamentalism of their capitalism. And liberalism is what got us into this fucking bind with all this coal anyway. Who started it out? Stu Udall. [Stewart Udall, as secretary of the interior in the middle '60s, backed several major coal leases in the West.] And he's the liberal's liberal. That's the liberal philosophy, you know—large government's good for you. I used to believe that. Right down the line with me. But this is a state's rights issue all the way."

Deep in thought about the phenomenon of Wally McRae, Mitchell, who has over-the-collar hair and a slightly underdeveloped, fair mustache, digs out a Kent and lights the filter end.

"One thing people don't appreciate," he says, throwing the cigarette away, "is that ranchers like Wally have for a hundred years been staunch, arch individualists. Oh, they'd get together at the market, when they sold cows, but they never really worked together. And now they've all realized that politically and every way they don't stand a chance if they don't get together."



The wages of the boom in and around the once-tiny town of Colstrip, and "typical cowboy" McRae during an "unhurried morning."

This coalition of tough individuals temporarily carving off some of that treasured independence in order to build the power to save it, and of young, modified environmentalists, is not as unlikely as it might seem. And the power is growing.

Montana used to be dominated by Anaconda Copper, "The Company," so industry has become accustomed to control. But that grip has been weakened. McRae and the council have pushed several reclamation laws through the Montana legislature and have helped to at least delay proposed mining in the Bull Mountains north of Billings. Now, although the first two power plants at Colstrip were hardly held up a day by opposition, the future of the second pair is insecure: Montana's Department of Natural Resources impact statement recommended in late January against the plants, saying the state should not "become a boiler room for the nation." Another batch of hearings is scheduled.

To some of McRae's neighbors, and to most of his opponents, the achievement of this new strength and the exposure that the controversy has brought him only mean one thing: an eventual entry into formal politics. So says Tuma, eager to pin the title of politician on an otherwise credible man.

"I think he's building a hell of a machine," Tuma says. "I think he's had it in mind for a long time. He won't run until the time is right, but then he's going to have at least a 50-50 chance, and it wouldn't surprise me to see Wally as the governor."

Mitchell's not so sure.

"At times I really would like to see something like that happen," he says, "and at times I don't know what it does to a man. I think it would chew him up and spit him out. I think he'd lose his effectiveness."

On the Rocker 6 McRae is finally feeding his cows, and maybe thinking about politics; the question's been asked before. The animals are clustered at the back of the pickup, standing around silently like a group of strangers at a cocktail party waiting for the loosening drinks. McRae appreciates this moment. It's part of what he lives for, what he stays and fights for, because he could sell and retire any day he chose. The cold spring day is thinly overcast, but the far horizons fade into the promise of distance that the Cheyennes called the blue vision, and the hills are grey and pink with snow and black-tufted with ponderosa. Although the twin stacks at Colstrip flash to the near north, promising that someday the blue vision may turn to rusty haze, the air is silent but for the breathing of the cows and the soft thudding of their footsteps.

There's a 50-pound sack of Purina cow cake on the tailgate and McRae digs out a handful of the chunks of pressed grain.

"Come here, 42," he says to a red and white Hereford with a blue tag in her ear. "Come here and get some of this."

Number 42 reaches shyly for the cake with a pale, thick tongue, and as she gums it in, saliva smears McRae's hand. With the other hand he rubs a knot of white on her back. Then, his indulgence satisfied, he turns to get on with the work of feeding, heaving hay from the moving pickup.

"No," he says finally as the truck rolls home, leaving the cattle working on a long smear of hay on the snow. "I considered it at one time. But one of the reasons I'm doing what I'm doing is that I like it. And I wouldn't like politics. I like people, but I don't like a lot of people; I don't think that I would like saying the popular thing, and I don't think that I would like being expedient."

Wally's voice is crisp and strong, the cowboy orator: "They are coming closer all the time . . . They are coming all the time, to turn the land over and kill it . . ."

But McRae knows this coal storm isn't going to melt away with this spring's chinook winds or with next spring's. And his effective arena may have to change.

A Peabody executive was prodding McRae one day, complaining about his hard-headedness. Wally, the man said, you're tired, your leg's a wreck, you get hay fever bad when the pollen's out, you look older than you are. You're banging your head against a wall. So why don't you quit, Wally? The money's there; you know the only rich rancher's the man who sells his outfit. So be reasonable, sell and relieve yourself of a burden that's growing heavier each year.

McRae looked at him with those narrowed eyes. "You know," he said, too quietly to be joking, "there are only two things keeping me from working full time at stopping you s.o.b.'s. One of them's money and the other one's time. And if you run me off this outfit you had better look out, because I'm going to have them both."

The McRaes have no television set, so after supper, following a game of Password with Allison and Natalie, and listening in serious concentration to Clint's enthusiasm over a new library book—Clint reads as much as his father—McRae sits up late at the table, talking. He's a night person, and sometimes he'll work until 2:00 in the morning pounding out a speech for delivery the next day or thrashing over meter and rhyme in one of his Robert Service-style poems—short, rhythmical ballads clipped off at the end with humor or irony.

But tonight he's talking again about mining and history. He has pointed out the photos of his grandfather and his father (who was defeated for State Senate by four votes), grim Scotsmen with large noses, standing in sepia among a whole row of portraits hung slightly askew above a window, and it is clear that he holds them respectfully in his mind. But now he strides for a book to go further back, to Sweet Medicine, the Cheyenne messiah who came with sacred arrows and prophecy. McRae is not a vigorously religious man—one of his friends chides him for his lack of Christian humility—but one particular prophecy rings in his head. He finds the spot in the book—Fred Last Bull repeating the words of Sweet Medicine in 1957. He reads the sentences quickly, as if the mood might escape him, but his voice is crisp and strong, the cowboy orator, fighting the echoing acoustics, reaching into the far corners of the gym.

" 'They are coming closer all the time. Back there, New York, those places, the earth is already dead. Here we are lucky. It's nice here. It's pretty. We have this good air. The prairie hay still grows. But they are coming all the time, to turn the land over and kill it. . . . That's what he said.' "

But Wally McRae's land still lies face up to the Montana sky, and McRae still strides across it, one hand in his front pocket and one hand in his back, watching dozens of environmental scientists collect "before" samples and keeping the core drillers off. Tough Wally McRae, with a roll to the left from his shattered leg and the scar down the middle of his face, sneezing in the hayfields and mooing at his cows. Cowboy turned Indian, fighting government and industry over the same rumpled piece of land, so dear, where the Cheyenne and the Sioux, in that final convulsion, smashed Custer on their way down. ●

Hanging in the balance

Boston, Mass.—"All I really want to do now is kind of fade away into obscurity and practice medicine," Dr. Kenneth C. Edelin said.

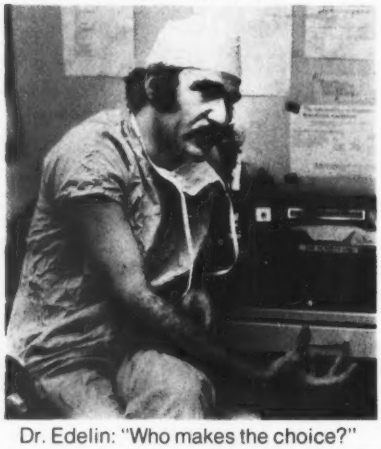
He was back at work in the obstetrics ward of Boston City Hospital, where 16 months before he had performed an abortion that earned him a manslaughter conviction. But obscurity will be hard to find. The handsome and outspoken doctor has become a symbol in the intensifying national debate over abortion.

"I don't know of any physician who likes to do abortions, though obviously I know a lot of physicians who've made a lot of money doing them," he says. "It's difficult to do an abortion. But it's more difficult to see women who have been victims of illegal abortions who've died or come near death or been permanently sterilized. . . . One has to balance, one has to balance."

Edelin was one of only two residents who regularly performed abortions at the hospital, most of whose patients are black and poor. For four years at the hospital, Edelin dealt with the real world of women who wanted abortions, legal or illegal, of girls afraid to admit they were pregnant, like the 17-year-old patient who waited six months before coming to him in October 1973.

It was that abortion that brought the charge of manslaughter, and for nearly two months Edelin sat in a chilly courtroom watching the real world slip further and further away.

The jurors—a subway mechanic, a meat cutter, a janitor, a secretary, a telephone installer, a bartender—had listened blandly to testimony about amniocenteses, abruptio placentas, intrauterine respiratory activity,



Dr. Edelin: "Who makes the choice?"

expanded and collapsed alveoli and amniotic fluid embolisms. They had heard from the medical vice-president of the Rockefeller Foundation, and from one of the world's leading fetal pathologists. They had been shown slides of lung tissue that looked more like lace curtains than anything else. Edelin's lawyer, William P. Homans, was sure he had won the case. Almost all the medical evidence was on his side.

But the prosecutor, Newman A. Flanagan, was on the side of the jurors. "Use your common sense," he whispered to them. And he showed them a photograph of the aborted fetus, known anonymously as Baby Boy Roe, lying curled in the fetal position, its skin badly wrinkled from four months in formaldehyde.

"The picture was enough. It looked like a baby," juror Liberty Ann Conlin said afterward. And never mind all the metaphysical arguments that it never drew a breath, never became a human being in any legal sense. "If it looks like a duck, walks like a duck, quacks like a duck," Flanagan said, ". . . use your common sense."

Homans brought a series of medical experts to tell the jury just how slim a chance for survival such a tiny fetus would have had. About six months in gestational age, it weighed 1½ pounds with an undeveloped pair of lungs weighing less than half an ounce. One chance in 250, said a witness. One chance in 28,000, said another. It would have been a miracle, said a third.

But how about that miracle? Flanagan asked. "Who makes the determination whether that infant is viable?

There is no easy answer to those questions, Edelin said later. Again, one has to balance. "It's a very expensive procedure to sustain the life of an immature baby or fetus. It takes $20,000 worth of equipment to sustain it," he said. "Who makes the choice if you have one

PHOTOGRAPH BY KEN KOBRE

machine left whether you work to save the abortus or the premature baby of a couple who wants it? These are the hard realities of life, hard decisions no doctor likes to make."

Reality barged back into the courtroom with the verdict.

Jury foreman Vincent Shea, a heavy, black-browed subway mechanic, seemed to be taking on the world when he stood and angrily announced, "We find the defendant guilty." The word "guilty" struck like a physical blow at Edelin. A sob of pain and shock broke from the spectators. The wire service reporters bolted from the courtroom with their bulletin. Edelin and Homans stood motionless at the defense table.

Four days later, Edelin was back at work, his light sentence of one year's probation delayed pending appeal. Once again the reality seemed to have slipped from the trial.

What was left behind was turmoil in the medical profession, triumph among opponents of abortion and an uncertain future for women trying to deal with unwanted pregnancies.

—By Seth Mydans

The great Ovaltine caper

Great Falls, Mont.—James R. Sharp, a free-lance photographer and filmmaker, is on the list. Just which one he isn't sure, but clearly some computer printout has been carrying his name since 1971, even though he is not a convicted felon or a drug dealer or a pusher or a smuggler. But apparently some guy somewhere decided Jim Sharp was one or all of these things and got him on the list. And that fact has haunted Jim Sharp ever since.

The latest incident involving Sharp occurred just a few months ago in Great Falls. Sharp, who flies his own plane to assignments, had just finished filming outdoor movies in Canada for a German company and was on his way home to Boulder, Colorado. He left Edmonton, Alberta, the morning of October 2, flew with instruments to the border and then changed to VFR for the run to Great Falls International Airport.

Upon landing at the Montana airport, he was met by special agents from the U.S. Customs Service and the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration who motioned Sharp away from his single-engine plane and quickly began tearing the craft apart.

"I had removed the rear seats in order to carry all my camera equipment, and when they saw that, they really went after the aircraft," said 29-year-old Sharp.

While agents searched, Sharp began taking pictures of the event with his 35mm still camera. He snapped away until a special agent, who Sharp thinks was DEA Special Agent Don R. Friend, saw what was happening. According to Sharp, the agent grabbed the camera and shouted, "Nobody takes my picture!"

At that point, the agents found the secret compartments. But—surprise—they turned out to be factory-installed camera hatches for holding special equipment. Undaunted, the customs officials continued opening soup cans in search of drugs, until they hit the jackpot and uncovered Ovaltine.

Agent Friend removed the dark-colored jar from the plane "and poured the suspicious substance into the palm of his hand and murmured, 'Hum . . . crystals,' " Sharp recalled. The pilot-photographer said a simple test was done and Friend decided the substance was LSD.

"They thought they had nabbed a drug smuggler," Sharp said. "They were so convinced, the only thing I said was, 'Look, this is going to make a fool out of you. That's really Ovaltine.' " So the agents dared Sharp to drink some of the substance. He declined, choosing instead to "let the record play itself out."

The officers then impounded Sharp's plane, and the long-haired, bearded photographer was forced to spend the night in Great Falls. The next morning he bought a commercial plane ticket for Colorado. Sharp figures his out-of-pocket expenses ran him $250.

But just before he was to leave, Agent Friend came "screeching up in his car. The agent had forgotten to mug me the day before," Sharp said. "So he made me stand up against a wall in the public waiting area of the customs office while he snapped a picture of me with his Instamatic. It was really humiliating."

Why all this grief when all Sharp had to do was mix a little of the chocolate-based drink and sip away to prove that his eyes wouldn't dilate and that he wouldn't go crazy under the ravages of Ovaltine? The reason dates back several years to Chicago, when Sharp was first really shaken down. Since then, Sharp has been harassed almost every time he flies into this country.

According to Richard J. Short, district director of the U.S. Customs Service in Great Falls, agents had received a tip that Sharp was carrying drugs. "If Sharp had drunk the substance in front of the agents, he would have been allowed to leave—with no further questions asked," Short said.

As the case rolls on through legal channels—oh, yes, Sharp is suing—the agents are reluctantly admitting defeat. So far, they have returned the unused portion of the Ovaltine. That took about a month, during which time Sharp was on assignment in Nepal and wondering what was going to happen to him the next time he went through customs.

—By Cortlandt L. Freeman

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL NELSON

PHOTOGRAPH BY KEN KOBRE

Candid compulsive

To his viewing audience, Allen Funt's candid capers have always looked like good clean fun. Those who know him know differently

By Daniel Klein

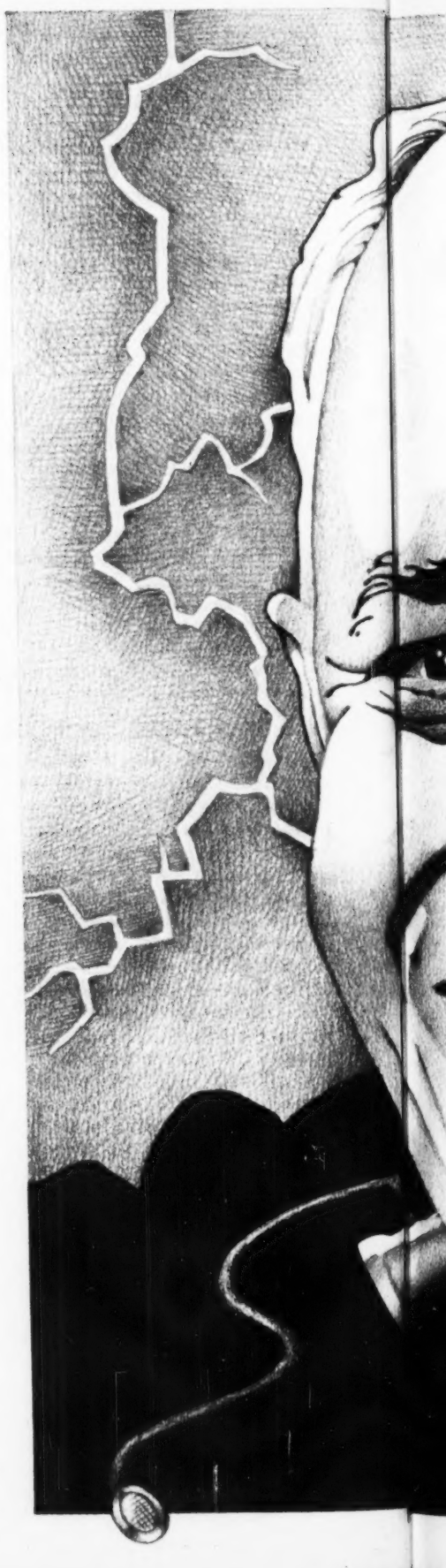
The first person to visit me in my office at *Candid Camera* was a young production assistant whom, for a couple of moments, I mistook for a deaf-mute. He kept pantomiming something about my mouth, somebody's ears and a corrugated metal box on my desk which had the word "Talkaphone" embossed on its side. Finally, he covered the box with a stack of books and said, "A precaution. Allen listens, you know."

"Just like the program," I replied, thinking I had made a remarkable observation.

"No," the fellow told me. "The program imitates the man."

That was seven years ago, when I was Allen Funt's stunt writer for three consecutive weeks. By the end of that stint I, like most of my predecessors, had exhausted my sense of humor and lost a few marbles, but gained invaluable insights into the overwhelming power of paranoia. In recent years, these insights have served me in good stead. After Funt, Nixon held few surprises for me. In fact, for a while there I maintained the theory that the real genius behind CREEP was Funt. It wasn't simply the buggings and the tapes that gave Allen away (according to my theory); it was those pranks—like that really clever one which ended up with Ed Muskie whimpering on camera. That stunt was pure Funt.

According to Allen, an avowed liberal in his politics, my CREEP theory was total fantasy, and yet I still believe there is a sense in which Funt made Watergate possible: he is the granddaddy of bugging-consciousness. It is he who initiated us all to the potential of electronic eavesdropping long before we heard about the tricks of secret agents and industrial snoopers. No doubt Gordon Liddy's first exposure to the possibilities of the hidden microphone came when he was just a little tyke listening to *Candid Mike* on radio. Well,



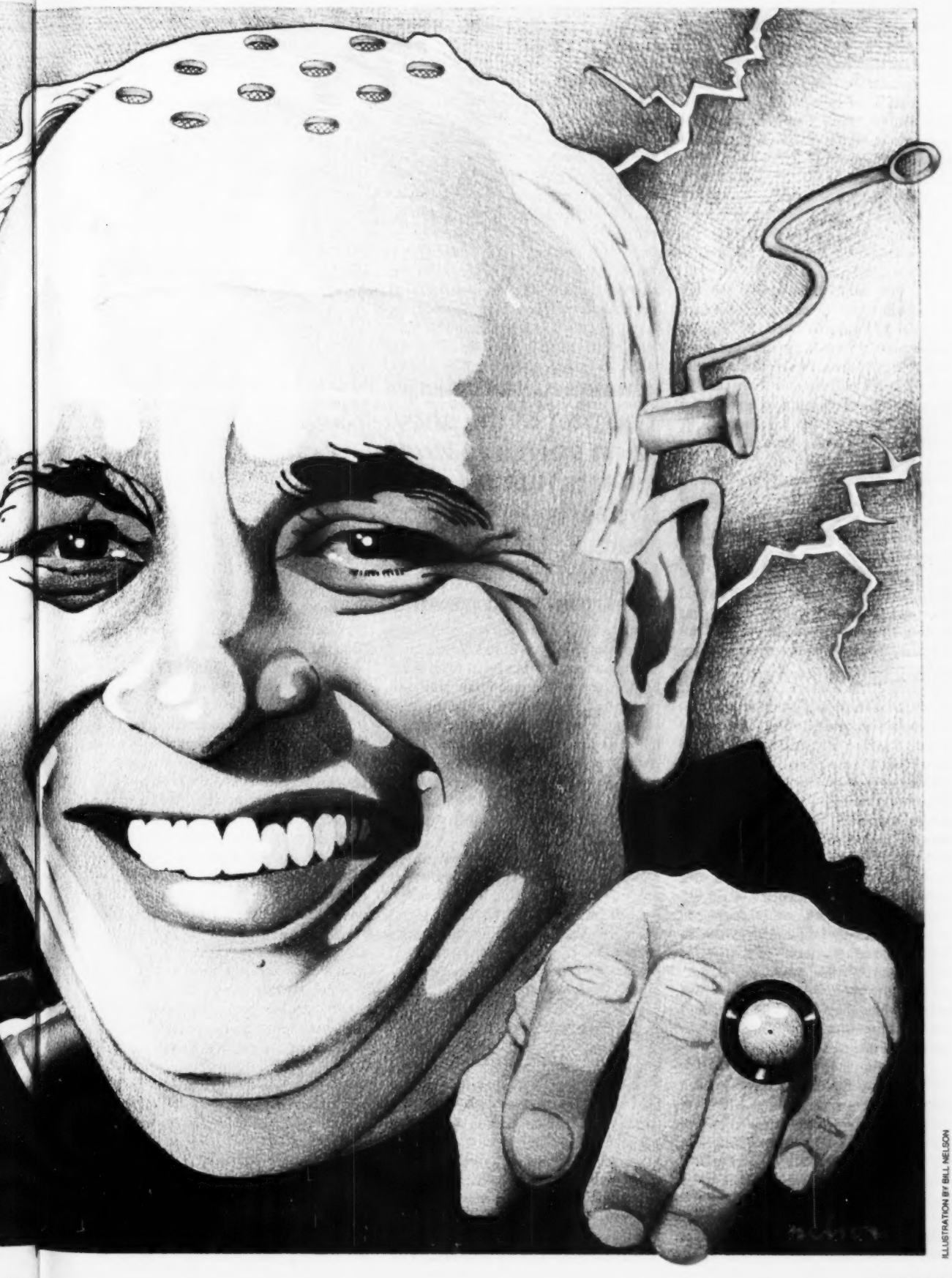


ILLUSTRATION BY BILL NELSON

now Gordon and the gang were making *Funt* possible. Again. It is no sheer accident that after a seven-year absence from the home screen, *Candid Camera* made its comeback at the very climax of the Watergate debacle. No sir, those sharp program people at the CBS affiliates who grabbed up the syndication of Funt's new old show for this TV year were watching *The Presidential Tapes* hit all-time sales records. They know what plays well in Peoria. They know that bugging is "In" and Allen's play-along paranoia game is just what the folks want.

For Funt, the timing could not have been better. Since the surprise cancellation of his highly rated CBS Sunday night series in 1967, life has not been totally kind to him. Professionally, it has been a mixed bag. He took three years to make a feature for Universal called *What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?* a set of R-rated *Candid Camera* sequences whose title pretty much tells the whole story. *Naked Lady* made a lot of money. But his second feature, *Money Talks,* a PG film of stunts which show just how weak people's character is when it comes to money (the funny little whore in all of us—one of Allen's favorite sociological themes), was a financial bust. At home, Allen's second wife and former secretary, Marilyn, was finding something disquieting in life with the eavesdropping prankster and had candidly taken up tippling. But Allen's most upsetting setback came from Seymour Goldes, his best friend and trusted accountant, who, he discovered, had systematically whittled down his $2-million life's savings to a small fraction of that by spending Allen's money on his own family, like throwing a $60,000 bar mitzvah for his son. After Funt caught him red-handed, Goldes attempted suicide, and when prosecution continued despite pleas by Goldes' psychiatrist, he attempted a second time and succeeded. All in all, Allen now sees the whole Goldes episode as a "marvelously ironic yarn" which he has contracted to write up as a book for Bobbs-Merrill. Allen thinks the story is particularly ironic because Goldes was caught while they were filming *Money Talks.* Those who know Funt found it ironic for other reasons.

Bizarre Funtiana has always been staple conversation among television people. Cameramen have been known to sign up for a day or two with Funt just to get fresh story material. My own collection goes back to my introduction to the man:

Veteran television writer Klein does not expect to ever again work for Allen Funt.

At 4:30 of my first day at *Candid Camera,* after I had covered five yellow sheets with stunts (my favorite involving a talking lobster and a bikinied waitress), people started popping into my office, walking silently to the window and looking down on 55th Street. A strange giddiness seemed to have overtaken everyone. At about ten to five, a film editor came in, took a gander, blanched, instinctively straightened the books on my Talkaphone and gave me the word: he had seen the Bentley—Allen was here. Immediately, the giddiness turned to frenzy. For the next hour and a half whispered reports were issued every five minutes: Allen was downstairs in his gymnasium, seemed fairly calm, almost cheerful; Allen was taking his sauna, screamed a little, but mostly playful; Allen was getting his rubdown, something was bothering him, reason unknown. And finally, at 6:30, Allen Funt, pink and cherubic in his blue, zippered jump suit, slipped on flight up the emergency stairway and burst through the fire door into his office. He smiled. His staff spun from their desks and editing tables, acting for all the world as if they'd been caught when they least expected it. They smiled back, their faces straining with candor.

The part of the show Allen seems to love most is human hypocrisy—right up there in glorious Kodacolor

Minutes later, I was summoned to meet Allen in what my cryptic production assistant indicated was the "war room."

I found Mr. Candid Camera himself in the same way I left him three weeks later—in a dark room with his back to me; this, I was to learn, is Funt's idea of optimum conditions for making personal contact.

"How do you do?" I said.

Funt's reply, if he had one, was inaudible. He continued to stare "out" the false, rear-illuminated window that covered the wall behind his desk. There was something mildly obscene about the whole setup. Nothing was visible *inside* the room, but there were a variety of items to peer *out* at: one wall contained a huge, brightly lit aquarium; another was covered with enlarged stills from *Candid* film; and the wall in front of Funt held a bank of television sets, one for previewing new film, two for peeping at will onto the Movieolas in the editing room. I seated myself next to the aquarium and then—in the first of a series of absurd reflexes I was to develop in the next few weeks—I checked to make sure I had my pants on.

Now the lights came up. Funt was looking down at his desk top and the child's dream of a control panel which lined its inner edge. "Sarah," he mumbled. "Bring me a cigar."

There were six of us in the room. Nobody moved.

"Goddamn it, Sarah," he repeated, still not raising his voice. "A cigar."

Nothing.

I was about to offer him a Lucky—just to break the ice—when a long-haired young woman in a princess dress came strolling down the hallway. She had a cigar in her hand . . . it's all done with the Talkaphone.

As soon as the girl left, Allen grinned at me. "Jesus Christ!" he said. "Who was that—Alice in Wonderland?"

I smiled.

He looked away immediately. "How the hell do you expect me to relate to anybody around here?" he screamed. And next, apparently in response to his own question, Allen began fiddling with his remote control panel. The room again darkened and the center television set flickered on.

On screen, Fannie Flagg, the show's most talented "plant," minced into a shoe store wearing one white stocking and one red one. She requested pumps to match. Staring on incredulously was a middle-aged New York matron—she was *the victim.* As soon as Fannie walked off, Bobby Schwartz, another "plant," approached the woman. She didn't need much priming: Fannie was certainly the craziest person she'd ever seen; indecent, that's what it was; the girl ought to know better. *The victim* carried on in this vein until Fannie returned and then, of course, she started backtracking, saying that maybe it was a new fad, that, after all, mismatched stockings were sort of interesting on such a pretty girl.

Funt bellowed. This is the part he seems to love the most—human hypocrisy right up there in glorious Kodacolor. But now the final coup, Allen's trademark—the "reveal."

"Madame, did you know that at this moment you are on nationwide TV?"

"No! Not—"

"Smile! You're on *Candid Camera!"*

The victim, now totally humiliated, had but one chance to save any face at all: by being a good sport *while the camera was still running.* (And still only 1 percent of

Funt and henchman in action: the humiliation is the part he likes best.

victims ever refuse to sign television releases.)

The lights came up and Allen was gazing "out" his window. "Okay," he said. "What should we shoot tomorrow?"

I shuffled through my papers nervously. For a second, I thought I should race back to my office, remove the stack of books and deliver my suggestions over the Talkaphone. But before I could say anything, Funt asked, "Has anyone seen those Bufferin ads—the ones with the hoked-up *Candid* endorsements?"

"Yes, Allen."

"Well, it's plagiarism, isn't it? Tell me, isn't it?"

"Yes, Allen."

"I wonder if a lawyer"—Funt paused a second. Then he spun around in his chair, an elfin grin on his face. "Wait a minute. I have an idea," he said. "Let's do a satire on them! Let's *catch* those thieves!"

"Goodnight, Allen," said the secretary. His face darkened and he pounded his hand against a chair. "What in hell did she mean by that?" he screamed

As my first week at *Camera* passed, Allen's paranoia had started to give me the willies. It was probably that discomforting habit of his of waiting until someone left the room and then urging us to talk about him—quickly, before he came back. That had begun to put me off, that and the way he would throw a tantrum if he didn't know exactly what someone was doing (a secretary told me about the time Allen practically ripped a pad from her hand to see what she was writing—it was the notes he had just been dictating). Still, each day in my office all alone with my Talkaphone, I kept telling myself it was all only innocent fun. Just like the program.

That Friday evening, I was led down to the third floor (Allen's personal recreation floor) for the staff meeting. Over the entrance was a sign reading, "Beware of Hidden Cameras." Someone told me it was a gimmick: if you wander down there when you're least expected, it snaps your picture and you're canned. Fun, I told myself. *All in fun.*

"Bring in a stool," Allen Funt

called to us from what appeared to be a bathroom.

I lugged over a workout bench from his exercise room and placed it on the tile floor. Ahead of me, under the only light in the room—a spotlight—Allen sat in a barber chair wearing a terry cloth robe, his eyes closed as a barber snipped prodigiously at his white fringe. For a second, I thought it was a demonstration of how to set up a *Candid* situation with Funt, himself, playing *the victim.* (Another meeting was held while Allen, under a delicately draped towel, received a massage. I have even heard of one where Allen, in his sauna, beckoned a fully suited employee in with him and talked at length while the fellow and his suit wilted.)

"I want one crazy idea," Allen murmured. "One crazy idea from the whole bunch of you."

To my amazement, everything we offered was acceptable. Allen was cheerful, taking each idea and ingeniously developing it out loud into a workable sequence. The meeting progressed happily for the next hour. At last I was getting the hang of things: either Allen saw us and we didn't see him or it was the other way around, like now. I was even beginning to like this arrangement; it made me feel safe. Just as we were finishing up, Funt's personal secretary stuck her head in the door.

"Goodnight, Allen," she said. "Have a nice weekend."

Spontaneously, we all smiled.

Allen blinked his eyes open and looked at us. Suddenly, his face darkened and he was pounding his hand against the chair. "What in hell did she mean by that?" he screamed.

Around me, the smiles had frozen. I found myself longing for Allen to close his eyes again.

By my third week on the job, I was convinced I myself had contracted a minor case of paranoia. (That, incidently, is the main lesson of all of this and of Watergate, too: that paranoia is a communicable disease, much like the common cold, and that television is its perfect transmitter.) There was considerable talk in the hallways and bathrooms about how to act when Allen "caught you." Hardly a day passed without Allen catching a staff member, making him a victim in front of the rest of us with a loaded criticism or a painful revelation about his personal life. Yet usually it was done casually, almost playfully, as if for our entertainment, so that we the onlookers—the viewers—felt responsible, like accomplices. It was generally agreed that it was better to be a victim than an accomplice.

An inspirational story around the office involved a now-famous comedienne who had once worked for Allen as a writer and "plant." On her own time, she had been developing a stand-up routine and at long last she was rewarded with a guest spot on *The Tonight Show.* At the staff meeting following her appearance, Funt greeted her pleasantly and then waited until everyone was seated. "I saw you last night," Allen said.

"Thank you," she replied.

"I thought you were terrible," he continued. "What did the rest of you think?"

The woman stood up and left before Allen forced anyone to reply. She did it, they say, to save the rest of us from the horror of being accomplices.

Even Funt's method of firing people bears his whimsical style: I remember the Friday meeting that ended with him urging me to work on a particular idea over the weekend. Moments later, upstairs, Allen's office manager told me he had sent up the word: fire me. In the past year, since *New Candid Camera* went into production, over 20 others have joined the alumni list.

Allen's best friend committed suicide. "Were you hurt by that?" I asked. "Financially?" he replied

I am told that Funt's extra-professional pranks continue apace, like his one-man war with the art world. In what turned out to be a remarkably profitable stunt, Allen collected $264,000 worth of paintings by Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema on the assurance that Alma was clearly the *worst* painter of the 19th century, then exhibited the paintings in the Metropolitan's "Victorians in Togas" show, footing the bill for the catalogue sheets, and finally, with their post-exhibit price inflated, auctioned them off at Sotheby's for $570,000. Funt's comment: "To me it is a story of the fickleness of taste and of my having the guts to have an opinion."

But the overwhelming preoccupation of the man these days is the affair Goldes. When I interviewed Funt—he now has an office with a *real* window in his building on 55th Street—he clearly was much more interested in talking about his late friend's embezzlement than his revitalized show. He told me that he intends to entitle his book about Goldes *The Good Provider,* because it is basically about a man who will do anything, including stealing from his best friend, to take first-class care of his family. The more Allen talked about it, the more he intimated that the real culprit was not his late friend Goldes at all but Seymour's widow, who drove him to it with her demanding standard of living. I wondered if this was just more of Allen's habitual misogyny or, worse, his need to find a punishable victim now that Seymour himself was unavailable. But as Allen talked on, I saw that neither of my suspicions really hit home. The fact is that Funt's only trusted friend betrayed him and when Funt showed him no mercy in his prosecutions of him, his friend committed suicide. Allen, I guessed, was suffering deeply.

"Were you hurt when he committed suicide?" I asked him.

"Financially?" Funt replied.

He wasn't going to show me a thing.

Suddenly, I flashed on a seemingly trivial scene from seven years before:

It was toward the end of my third week at *Camera* and I had made up my mind to put myself to the test before I was fired—I had to know how I would react as a victim. I did a little shadow boxing in front of my Talkaphone and strode over to the "war room." As planned, I was the first to arrive. I sat down next to Allen. He, as I had anticipated, was examining the wall opposite me. For a few minutes there was silence, and then, still not facing me, he said, "What kind of tie is that you're wearing?"

"Mod, I guess," I replied. "My wife bought it for me. They're a fad."

Allen said nothing.

Then, leading with my chin, I blurted out, "I'm a sucker for fads."

It was a simple enough exchange, but suddenly Allen turned and looked directly at me. His eyes startled me. They were incredibly soft with an intense, almost unbearable warmth. His face was boyish, like one of his "Candid Kids," and when he spoke his voice, too, was young and rich with candor. "I can understand that," he said quietly. "I know just what you mean."

That time it was I who looked away.

The scene ended seconds later when Allen began screaming at the just-arrived location director. But for one undeniable moment, I had had a sense of Allen Funt as a man for whom candor was much more than a multimillion dollar gimmick. Allen Funt "revealed," I suspected, was a man whose capacity for candor, *real* candor, was only equaled by his terror of it.●

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MOVIES

Keeping the war at a distance

By Frank Rich

In a country where the CIA can censor books and cultural vigilantes can shut down films that depict the sexual act, one didn't have to be paranoid to fear that **Hearts and Minds**, the Peter Davis documentary about the war in Vietnam, might languish in a can forever. Certainly the ingredients for suppression, de facto or premeditated, were there: first, the film's original and financially troubled distributor, Columbia Pictures, got a sudden case of cold feet about opening a movie that might be a drug on the market or might entail huge legal fees (real or imagined) or might antagonize the banking community on which a studio can be dependent; then Walt Rostow, pitiful old Walt Rostow, went to court to try and get segments of a filmed interview between him and Davis deleted from the finished picture. For months these shenanigans kept *Hearts and Minds* from public view—until, of all things, justice actually triumphed, when, a few weeks ago, Warner Brothers took over the movie's distribution and Rostow lost his case in court. That's great news, to be sure, but there is, I'm afraid, some bad news as well: we now must shift our attention from *Hearts and Minds*, the First Amendment cause, to *Hearts and Minds*, the movie that's playing at our local theaters, and the movie itself is not nearly so easy to endorse as the constitutional and moral principles that are vindicated by its release. While this almost two-hour dissection of the most sustained episode of national criminality in our country's modern history is vigorously and earnestly antiwar, it is also so intellectually thin that it fails at what I assume to be its most essential function: to make real and vivid once more the process that brought us to Vietnam in the first place, that keeps us there now and that might bring us to another Vietnam in the future. What *Hearts and Minds* achieves instead is far less valuable: it congratulates a like-minded audience on its moral wisdom without shaking that audience by the lapels and challenging it to action.

American and Vietnamese mothers in Davis' *Hearts and Minds:* a director's arrogance and a nation's criminality.

Hearts and Minds told me nothing that I didn't already know about Vietnam and made what I do know seem less immediate. Its impact pales in contrast to the war-related headlines coming out of Washington these days. Nor do I believe that this film might arouse an audience that is still largely ignorant or approving of our Vietnam adventure; Davis doesn't reason with that audience, he browbeats it. This filmmaker has done a fearless and thorough job of reminding us of the physical and emotional carnage we unleashed on Vietnam and ourselves, but when the revelations of My Lai failed to arouse large segments of the American public to anger, why should we believe that a cinematic parade of such horrors will now bring new allies to the fight against the Ford administration's desperate efforts to prop up the Cambodian and South Vietnamese governments? The horrors are a major part of the story, but if the point is to be driven home, equal attention must be devoted to illuminating the history that led to them. *Hearts and Minds* (the title comes from LBJ's 1965 dictum that "the ultimate victory will depend on the hearts and minds of the people who actually live out there") only gives lip service to that history: it's a movie that's far longer on heart than it is on mind.

The structure of the film is free-wheeling, which is as it should be, and though we've seen much of the old footage before (bomb strikes, napalmed children, presidents envisioning the light at the end of the tunnel), the images are still shocking. The new footage includes original interviews with pro and con Vietnam heavies (William Westmoreland, Clark Clifford, Daniel Ellsberg, J. William Fulbright, French

Foreign Minister Georges Bidault, one-time South Vietnamese President Nguyen Khanh), with disenchanted war veterans, with Vietnamese who recall their personal encounters with the American death machine. We also see GIs striding around Saigon in search of idle kicks, meet a deserter surfacing to testify before Congress, and get to know an appealing, middle-aged New England couple who work mightily to maintain the illusion that their Harvard-educated son died in the pursuit of right. In and of itself, this material is all worthwhile; it's the way Davis pieces together the fragments of the Vietnam puzzle that is so disappointing and, ultimately, counter-productive. The director's favorite dialectical device, we soon learn, is to cross-cut rather rigorously between the footage that is explicitly about Vietnam and some footage that shows us everyday slices of American life (racist and jingoistic clips from '40s Hollywood war movies, visits with a Niles, Ohio, football team being exhorted by a minister and its coach to prove its manhood by winning on the field, a Fourth of July celebration in Croton, New York). Of course, there are links between the brutality of competitive sports and that of war atrocities, between those goose-stepping soldiers of *This Is the Army* and the legions of gung-ho young men who, swallowing all the official lies, joined the Army of the '60s—but if we get carried away by these sociological, even literary, conceits, we diminish the chance of saving ourselves from future imperialistic binges. We can't do anything, at least immediately, about our society's preoccupation with virility and patriotism—it can't be legislated or demonstrated out of existence—and to put a large share of the blame for Vietnam on such an ingrained part of the American psyche is to put our dangerous foreign policy beyond the reach of politics. And yet political action, whether within the system or without, is our only hope for stopping the madness.

Davis does, needless to say, pay homage to the malevolent domino theory; we hear Joe McCarthy, John Foster Dulles and all the wartime presidents endorse it, just as we hear Clifford and Ellsberg explain how they turned against it. But in this movie the domino theory becomes a catch-all explanation for our Vietnam involvement—a facile symbol for all the delusions of an era. It's one thing to hear a Dulles or a Nixon speak of the Viet Cong as the vanguard of the world communist conspiracy, but it's quite another to hear a Kennedy or a Johnson do so. Davis never explains how Vietnam came to be a war managed and fueled largely by liberals—how the cold-war scare tactics of the Republican right became the moral imperatives of the Democratic center and left. Why is it that the best and the brightest of a generation became some of the outstanding war criminals of our history? Many of the men who devised this war and sold it to the country on false pretexts were not, as Davis tries to suggest, the football coaches of our government—that is, the generals; they were instead academics, titans of industry and professional politicians. While men such as Robert McNamara, Dean Rusk, McGeorge Bundy and Henry Kissinger no doubt refused to consent to interviews for *Hearts and Minds*, that can't be used as an excuse to avoid the tricky issues that these men's careers raise; good investigative reporting does not depend on the cooperation of the subjects of the investigation. (In this regard, the Rostow interview is a real coup, but it shows us his horrifying arrogance without attempting to explain how he got that way.) One wonders, too, whether an attempt was made to talk to Hubert Humphrey—has he ever refused an opportunity to talk? Of all living politicians destroyed by Vietnam, he most embodies the schizophrenia of the domestic liberal as superhawk, and he lost as much as any politician in the process of towing that line; Humphrey's doubletalking presence is missed in *Hearts and Minds*. And if Davis reduces the politics of the war-planners to simplistic generalities, he all but ignores the politics of those who fought against the war. Except for a brief montage of mass demonstrations (not much different in tone from Hollywood's depictions of "student protest" in its vapid youth movies of the late '60s), some glimpses of Viet Vets Against the War and a brief, obligatory voice-over by I.F. Stone, Davis soft-shoes around the antiwar movement (How would he fit the violence of street-fighting into his rigid football metaphor without alienating his audience?) and its chief operatives. Fulbright is admirable, and so are Clifford and Ellsberg, but the former did vote for the Tonkin Resolution and the latter were nonelective government officials who were relatively tardy converts to dovedom. Where are Morse and Gruening and the anonymous thousands who risked jail and bloodshed at home? And, although the movie is not strictly chronological, why do the shots showing Eugene McCarthy and Bobby Kennedy speaking out against the war follow rather than precede the clip of LBJ's announcement that he would not seek reelection? Intentional for aesthetic reasons or just plain sloppy, such a cavalier reversal of cause and effect is emblematic of the priority *Hearts and Minds* places on the political underpinnings of the Vietnam decade.

There's another gaffe of form in this film that is unmistakably intentional, and it's even more upsetting. Among the interviewed antiwar veterans whose memories are sliced up to serve as running monologues all through the film, two are cripples—but it isn't until the movie is just about over that the camera pulls away to show us that, to show us that one of the men we've been listening to off and on for over an hour is in a wheelchair and that the other has artificial limbs. Davis withholds that information until that point for no other purpose than to retain some emotional trump cards that he can throw out to milk the audience during *Hearts and Minds*' last lap; in a movie about a war during which our elected leaders constantly manipulated us by dispensing partial information, such directorial manipulation of the audience, especially when it's so self-serving and adds nothing to the content of the film, strikes me as being woefully out of place. We're grown-ups, after all, and we can come to judgments about the characters of *Hearts and Minds* without having the facts hoked up in this manner. Davis has every right to be subjective in his treatment of his subject, and should be, but the kind of subjectivity he practices by this device doesn't reinforce his presentation of his point of view but undermines it by adding a contrived note of theatricality.

Such filmmaking arrogance also turns up in Davis' treatment of the very audience he should be winning over. During the course of *Hearts and Minds*, the director periodically checks in on George Coker, a POW in the midst of his homecoming to Linden, New Jersey; as a POW, Coker is a special case among the many veterans who continue to believe that the war was worth fighting—a completely up-front racist and fascist who takes pride in being a killer and speaks almost exclusively in, yes, Nixonesque football cliches ("When the going gets tough . . .", etc.). It would have been more instructive for Davis to show us a more run-of-the-mill pro-war veteran, one who didn't come home to cheering crowds, than this insulated,

cliche-spouting bully, but that decision, questionable as it is, isn't as objectionable as the director's method of dealing with the neighbors who welcome Coker home. Those crowds, like the participants in the other home-front patriotic tableaus Davis presents, are seen strictly in terms of Middle American stereotypes; these people tend to have the dumb, unattractive faces of the irredeemably mindless. Davis' attitude toward the great unwashed American masses does not seem terribly far removed from the condescension with which the Bundys and Rostows viewed these same citizens—and, by identifying such types as typical of the Vietnam faithful, he perpetuates a fashionable liberal audience's belief that worship of militarism is the nearly exclusive province of the socially and intellectually uncouth. Would that it were so, or, in the '60s, had been so; the war would have been easier to slow down if its supporters were that homogeneous. Davis treats the Vietnamese much better than he does the Americans of *Hearts and Minds,* and the scenes with bombing victims and political prisoners are searing. Still, even there, he occasionally over-generalizes about a society it behooves us to understand. When, by taking us to a gathering of fat-cat Vietnamese eating fancy hors d'oeuvres and drinking Cognac at a Saigon country club, Davis attempts to capture the spirit of the many corrupt and dictatorial puppet regimes we've supported over the years, the fire of his attack is muted because the scene is too brief and showy and because he never bothers to tell us specifically who these people are, what they're doing at the club on this day or when the day is. The segment adds little to the interview with a Vietnamese war profiteer that follows.

Davis just can't lay off the strained metaphors, the cheap showmanship and the facile explanations for complex human and historical phenomena, and his broad strokes end up reinforcing the distance we feel from this war rather than bringing the war home. *Hearts and Minds* has the earmarks of a news special made for television (for which Davis made *The Selling of the Pentagon*)—it does a lot of things half-assedly in lieu of doing a few things well—and it's a shame that Davis hasn't used the breathing room that a full-length movie allows him. That's what Marcel Ophuls did when he made his great documentary about Vichy France, *The Sorrow and the Pity,* and because he let both unreconstructed collaborationists (not all of whom were stupid thugs) as well as resistance fighters and government officials speak their piece, because he left the moral questions of the period open-ended even as he condemned France for its complicity in evil, he made an experience that happened a generation ago in another country much more real to us than Davis does an experience that we lived through ourselves only yesterday. There's some terrific stuff in *Hearts and Minds,* but too much of it is shaped and smoothed out to make the total picture fit into a tidy package—a package that can so easily be stored away and forgotten. The problem is not that this movie is propaganda, but that it's ineffective propaganda. I don't think too many Green Berets are going to rush to see *Hearts and Minds,* but even if they do, where in this film is there an argument that at least attempts to turn them around? The movie's press material quotes Peter Davis as saying, "For the last ten years while we as a country have been involved with Vietnam I have been concerned with the war. The first thing I learned when we began to make *Hearts and Minds* was that our country has not been involved with Vietnam for the last ten years but for the last twenty-five years." Davis' honesty is refreshing, but I'm embarrassed for him—embarrassed that he had to make a movie to discover what other Americans who had been "concerned with the war" for a decade already knew. His movie reflects that lack of sophistication, and, in its fierce avoidance of politics and all but the most rudimentary outlines of history, in its strident oppositions of uncomplicated good guys and bad guys, and in its cleansing assertion that the war was the product of societal conventions that only time or revolution can eradicate, *Hearts and Minds* has as much in common with the ongoing tragedy of Vietnam as it does with its resolution.

Surely there's a great movie epic to be made about the tough, working-class youths who, in the early '60s, grew up and beyond the grime of England's industrial northland to change the course of Western pop culture (or, some might say, Western culture). Anyone who's ever walked the mangy, smoky streets of Manchester and Liverpool can't help but be fascinated by the seemingly oblique connections between that unrelievedly bleak wasteland and the music that nourished and rocked a planet; film, with its freedom of time and place, seems the natural medium by which that story can be told. While **That'll Be the Day** and **Stardust**, two new movies that collectively describe the rise of a fictional rock hero named Jim MacLaine (David Essex), are not, together or separately, that sweeping Dickensian drama their subject calls for, their broad outlines and intermittent achievements do suggest the ground that worthier mod Horatio Alger sagas might cover.

That'll Be the Day takes Jim from teenage horniness and discontent to early days as a carnival roustabout to his marriage to a proper hometown girl to the day that he walks into a store and buys his first electric guitar. It's a determinedly trivial film, loaded down with idle atmosphere and British variations on familiar gags about "growing up." The movie has nothing to say about Jim except that his restlessness and ambition are directly traceable to his unfortunate home life (as Jim's dad ditched his family, so does Jim); by reducing their hero's motivations to simplistic Freudianisms, director Claude Whatham and screenwriter Ray Connolly effectively diminish a character of enormous potential to the puny dimensions of the least of the '50s' Angry Young Men. Aside from a gratuitous but funny appearance by Ringo Starr as one of Jim's carney pals and a few glimpses of those sorrowful, neon-drenched itinerant amusement parks endemic to provincial England, *That'll Be the Day* has nothing to recommend it except the fact that you don't have to

Essex in *Stardust:* the raciness of gossip.

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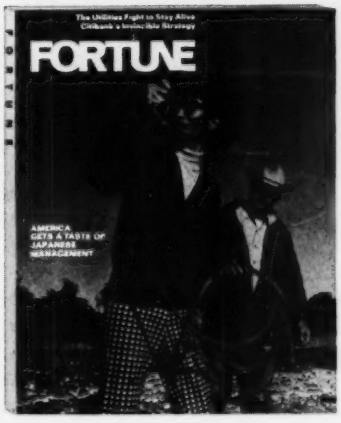

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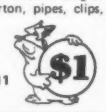

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see it, or even be aware of its existence, to follow or appreciate its sequel.

Connolly also wrote *Stardust*, but the second film has a new director, Michael Apted (*The Triple Echo*), who turns out the intrinsically more exciting half of Jim's story in splashy, pulpy style. The movie is compulsively entertaining backstage melodrama of the tinsel-and-glamour variety; it moves so fast that you don't have any time to examine the holes. Connolly and Apted are more concerned with exploiting their material than exploring it, and they exploit it to the hilt; their movie has the raciness and glitter of a juicy fan magazine, taking in such varied territory as Jim's encounters with drugs, groupies, America, tax shelters and a mercenary Texas tycoon (played by a tongue-in-cheek Larry Hagman). Apted works hard to drive home some of the property's most sensational set pieces— the Stray Cats' rush as they go on stage, their claustrophobia when caught in a mob of fans— and he gets absolutely every speck of stardust that there is to be had out of the screenplay. But that screenplay has real problems: not only does it fail to deal with the feelings, drives and fears of its hero at any level other than the banal ("It's like a roller coaster and you can't get off." is one of Jim's typical self-revelations), but it sets up relationships between Jim and his fellow bandmembers (among them Keith Moon), Jim and his steady girl (Ines Des Longchamps, a near mute), and Jim and his Machiavellian roadie-best friend (Adam Faith, who's fine in a spectacularly cryptic role) that are never satisfactorily developed and, in the latter two cases, not especially well-defined. In the same spirit, Connolly's attenuated conclusion to his story is patently arbitrary—more a device to beg a number of questions he's already raised than a crowning insight into Jim MacLaine. But the razzmatazz is there, and so is star Essex, a pop singer who's a refreshingly unpretentious screen presence; if you pay attention to all that flash, *Stardust* will do until something more substantial comes along.

Whatever else Claude Lelouch's new film is—and I wouldn't want to bet my life on defining precisely what the hell it is—modest it is not. This movie, which is saddled with the totally off-the-wall American title of **And Now My Love** (French title: *Toute Une Vie*), takes upon itself the history of this century, the history of movies, the history of modern thought and the ins and outs of three generations of a French family. . . all in the course of disposing of one of Lelouch's characteristically creamy love stories. *And Now My Love* may be a self-proclaimed "monument to love at first sight," but it's also a monument to self-indulgence: Lelouch dallies, however briefly in each case, with such far-flung ideas, personalities and events as the assassinations of Czar Nicholas and JFK, the Cuban Missile Crisis and the Six-Day War, Marilyn Monroe and Mao, the rise of class conflict and the fall of the American dollar, bisexuality and the conquest of space, the advent of sound movies and Watergate. This is not to mention the fact that the film unfolds on at least four continents and positively vibrates with observations on how life imitates art, art life, and so on. Rarely has a filmmaker moved so much heaven, earth and old newsreel footage to get two fated lovers together for a final fade-out.

There are sporadic dividends, most notably the performances of André Dussollier as the autobiographical filmmaker hero, Marthe Keller as the jaded heiress heroine and the congenitally intense Charles Denner as a Jew who survives the Nazi holocaust to become the wealthiest and most intellectual of shoe tycoons. There's also a jaunty opening sequence—full of affection for silent movies and pre-World War I France—that's laced together by a strutting Francis Lai soundtrack theme; this prologue moves with a fluidity that is utterly absent from the picture's remaining, and often jumbled, 100 minutes. The jail sequences and satirical stabs at French commercialism that follow are out of other recent Lelouch pictures (*The Crook* and *Happy New Year*), and the film's principal running gag, which has something to do with how many lumps of sugar various characters take in their coffee, is, literally and figuratively, too sweet for words. "The only way to be universal," says the director's mouthpiece after his first film flops, "is to be completely personal." Personal in Lelouch's case, unfortunately, means that one grafts one's most successful film, *A Man and a Woman*, onto a metaphorical superstructure whose disunity is matched only by that of the *Information Please Almanac;* by making a movie that aspires to be about everything, Lelouch has found a neat way to avoid making a movie that is about something.

Filmmaker Claudia Weill and filmmaker-actress-politico-writer Shirley MacLaine have put together a plain and first-rate documentary about the tour they and a group of "regular American women" took of China in 1973. **The Other Half of the Sky: A China Memoir** is having its premiere this month as part of the "New American Filmmakers Series" at New York City's Whitney Museum, and since the same showcase served as an effective launching pad last year for the superb Judy Collins-Jill Godmilow documentary, *Antonia*, it's safe to assume that *The Other Half* will gain wide circulation before too long. If you're fascinated to distraction by China, you should see it; if you're not, there's something wrong with you and you should see it anyway. There's a lot going on in this 74-minute picture; it's one of those rare travelogues that overcomes the bromides of that much abused form. Although I could have lived with a less thorough exploration of acupuncture and a less detailed documentation of the early ideological training of children than is offered here, there's no denying that when the filmmakers delve into the issues that concern them most, the movie really takes off. The Americans confront the members of a revolutionary street committee with tough questions about the status of illegitimate birth, divorce and housework in a collectivist system; MacLaine tangles with a Chinese artisan over his society's discouragement of personal art; the group learns in detail the extraordinary humiliations suffered by Chinese women in the days of "the old society." *The Other Half* is surprisingly and smartly equivocal in its attitude toward China, and it's spiked with unexpected humor. The tour group is a mishmash of personalities—a San Francisco psychologist, a Navaho social worker, a Wallace-supporting Texan, a black Mississippi politician, among others—and these tourists exhibit the seemingly eternal foibles of American innocents abroad. Since these women are our proxies on this tour, the movie gains from our ability to identify with them. Their China memoir is never dry, never coldly objective and never impersonally propagandistic; it shows China through eyes that will serve very well until we can see that nation with our own.

BOOKS

48°52′N, 2°20′E: The 20s

By Geoffrey Wolff

The legends of American cultural life between the wars in Paris are as remarkable for their durability as for their marketability. No sooner has one memoirist brought the news for the dozenth time of what Hem said to Scott than another appears on the spring publishers' lists to tell what Scott said to Hem, same dialogue, same stale stuff eagerly bought and relished, a defiance of laws governing the conservation of energy, matter and myths. I have spent the past couple of years writing about the brief life, and suicide, of an American poet and publisher, Harry Crosby, who lived in Paris from 1922 till 1929, when he shot a young matron and then himself. And in my eagerness to divorce myself from those numberless purveyors of the gossip and glamour of that place at that time, I have tried to drive a

The Fitzgeralds, like the other expatriates, never escaped from America.

stake through the heart of Montparnasse, the Dôme, Lady Brett and Jimmy the Barman.

I have sympathized with the impatience and exasperation of such friends of Crosby—Kay Boyle, Maria Jolas and Archibald MacLeish, to name three—as I have been obliged to consult for recollections. The work that occupies them today is work of the '70s, and they would have no leisure to pursue it were they to surrender without a fight to every rag and junk dealer eager to rummage through the attics of their memories for bits and pieces of the '20s. So that when they do share their stories, it is with a spirit of deflation: Paris was nothing special, one might insist. We went there because the exchange rate was favorable. Another Paris veteran claims that the serious American writers of the time never discussed Literature and Art (though her own memoir contradicts her). All condemn the emphasis that literary historians have placed on Parisian cafes as surrogate clubs, and none will agree to be lumped among the others for the sake of that most convenient fabrication, a literary generation.

So I have tugged my forelock and secretly wished that Harry Crosby had stayed in Boston to write his poems, make his mischief and shed his blood. Still, whatever I may think of Paris as a setting for movie mythology, the city has continued to work changes on me whenever I visit or work there. Put simply, I've never been unhappy in Paris and I have tried to fathom why, without much luck. I owe Paris something. Which may be why a debunking article in the new edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* on Paris has cast me down. Written in an uncharacteristically bumptious manner for such a sobersides archive, the description of Paris begins with "The Character of the City":

For hundreds of years, by a process never successfully explained, Paris has radiated an enchantment irresistible to millions around the world, including hosts of people who would live and die without ever seeing the place. In the early 1970s, however, this magical Paris exists almost exclusively in the hearts of the believers. "Gay Paree"—that honeycomb of breathtaking women and women-taking men, capital of the arts. . .survives only in scattered, scanty fragments. It has shrunk to the dimensions of the same small international set who made it gay in the 16th century, together with an excursion version for the tourist. . . . Once capital of the arts, Paris has become provincial. During the 19th century and halfway through the 20th, Paris was the great garden of creative talents. Painters and sculptors, writers, musicians, and dancers came from around the world, hoping to blossom in the incredibly propitious intellectual climate. By the 1970s, however, nothing was left but nostalgia.

An absorption in the past is often a repudiation of the present, not the least vice that nostalgia encourages, and a repudiation of the present, by distortion and false memory, is a repudiation of the self. And who wants to admit that his Paris is less than theirs, less than Stein's and Hemingway's and Boyle's and Joyce's and Stravinsky's and Picasso's and Jolas' and Callaghan's and Cummings' and Ford's? I am not suggesting that I cannot live with the probability that I will never make a work of art such as Hemingway and Joyce made, only that I have not been able to believe that the experience of Paris in the '20s was unique, not to be duplicated, never to be available to you or to me. Reason argues against such limits and exclusions. Legend supports them.

Stein & Toklas, 1934: "Paris was where the twentieth century was."

Artists have usually thought of themselves as exiles, especially in Russia and America. Subversion and rebellion are first principles of invention, since invention seeks to replace what has been given with another something, usually apprehended only by its inventor as something ideal. The artist gladly welcomes his alien status and regards himself as a foreigner at home, and the climactic experience of many American artists—I think of Melville and Hawthorne as well as Pound and Hemingway—has been their first trip abroad. Gertrude Stein formulates the case in *Paris France* (Liveright, 1940): "after all everybody, that is, everybody who writes is interested in living inside themselves in order to tell what is inside themselves. That is why writers have to have two countries, the one where they belong and the one in which they live really."

This was the way things were: writers especially required another country. The Americans of Washington Irving's generation had Spain, and the English of the 19th century had Italy or Greece. The American literary generation that came to maturity before World War I favored London: James lived in England (but never ceased to write about Americans) and so did Ezra Pound and Frost and Stephen Crane and Bret Harte, Conrad Aiken and John Gould Fletcher. Eliot came, and stayed. It can be argued the American cultural emigration to England was the last truly cultural emigration from this country to another. That is, Americans returned to England as to a source, of language and social system. They went to England to learn a thing or two from foreign kinsmen. Whereas American artists went to Paris, after the war, to be among other American artists.

Almost without exception, these Americans refused to think of themselves as expatriates. Gertrude Stein's *chef d'oeuvre* is *The Making of Americans.* Hart Crane spent his creative hours in Paris writing about the network of symbolic references broadcast by Brooklyn Bridge. Fitzgerald wrote *The Great Gatsby* in France and most of *Tender Is the Night* in America. And the nominal subjects of the latter novel, Gerald and Sara Murphy, called their house in the south of France *Villa America,* and served pancakes and played jazz records. These people did not escape from America, or even try to; they transported America to France, just as their more wealthy countrymen might transport an Italian palazzo, piece by piece, to Newport.

Archibald MacLeish has summed up, in conversation, the reality of American-Parisian life for him: "In all the time I was there, in six years, I

never met anyone you could call, by the remotest stretch of the word, an *expatriate.* I never met anyone, that is, who had exiled himself from his country because he couldn't take it. I went there because the franc was dropping, and you could live well in Paris for about half what you could live on in Boston."

Before World War I, a dollar had fetched about 5 francs. In 1919 it traded for 8, a year later for 15, and for a while in 1926 a dollar could be exchanged for 50 francs. On average, however, the rate was 25 to the dollar. Kay Boyle tells in her between-chapter commentaries in Robert McAlmon's *Being Geniuses Together* (Doubleday, 1968) of renting an apartment in France for 75 francs—$3—per month! A simple dinner cost 3 or 4 francs, and lunch could be eaten for half that sum. Malcolm Cowley and his wife lived well and traveled extensively from 1921 to 1923 on $3,000, as he relates in *A Second Flowering* (Viking, 1973). Hemingway, writing about his ambivalent attitude toward a $1,000 literary prize, claims in *A Moveable Feast* (Scribner's, 1964) that "two people, then, could live comfortably and well in Europe on five dollars a day and could travel."

Although it is true that life in Paris was cheap for Americans, it is also true that the generality of American artists who lived there were hard up. Hemingway was, and Hart Crane, and Pound, and Kay Boyle. The English man of letters, V.S. Pritchett, tells in his memoir of the time and place, *Midnight Oil* (Random House, 1972), about selling off his books to pay for food: "off went Balzac and Boileau, Maupassant, Vigny and Hugo, to be converted into soup, *noix d'agneau,* a *cassoulet,* ham sandwiches. . . . Poverty makes one morose, envious and lethargic. . . ." Well, poverty for a Frenchman in Paris is no doubt as awful as poverty anywhere, and foreigners have been known to starve in Paris, but I can attest that Paris is the city of choice to live in broke. (Contrast, for example, the two sections of Orwell's *Down and Out in Paris and London.)* Its charms are free, many of them, and it is still possible to sit hours at a stretch over a couple of beers watching the parade. . . .

But wait: this is merely another instance of myth-making. Say merely that life in Paris was cheap in the '20s, and that most of the Americans who lived there were from the middle class, supported by an angry or anguished parent on an allowance of $100 or $200 per month, supplemented by the odd story or article published in America. Still, Berlin was cheaper, dramatically so. Matthew Josephson writes in *Life Among the Surrealists* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1962) that his hotel, meals, theaters and nightclubs cost $10 a week there, and so he moved to Berlin from Paris. But few of his fellow poets went with him, or left Paris for Austria or Italy, which were also cheaper than Paris.

Shunning myth, why Paris? The city is good to artists, has always been. It names streets for writers (every town in France seems to have its rue Victor Hugo); there is a skin cream called Stendhal, and I once bought my son a wind-up mouse named Zola. "Paris was where the twentieth century was," Gertrude Stein said, and there's no arguing with her. But why? V.S. Pritchett remembers that even as a very young man he realized that Paris was "built for Art and Learning, whereas my London was built for government and trade. At home I was a tolerated joke, 'the professor.' "

The French have elevated toleration of eccentricity to the level of a ruling principle. It is not that they are themselves eccentric, nor were they then; they are lovers of convention and form and balance. Rather it was that the Parisians were so utterly cocksure regarding the wisdom of their own means and ends that they could afford to tolerate the fopperies and misguided manners of their guests. Foreigners were nothing to them: they'd seen them come and go from the beginning. Foreigners were neither threats nor inspirations. And the Bohemians among their own, French worshippers of art too busy at the altar to write or paint, were for them foreigners, tolerated, damned near invisible.

Certainly there was very little intercourse between the hosts and the guests, especially between the hosts and their American guests. When William Carlos Williams asked McAlmon, who was at the perfect center of Montparnasse life, to introduce him to some French poets, McAlmon could not, because after years in Paris he knew none. Fitzgerald never learned French. Hemingway did, but preferred the company of Americans, who comprised a colony in Montparnasse, around the Select, and Rotonde, and Dôme, impervious to the seepage of French ideas.

If not to barter with the French, if not merely to live on the cheap, why did American artists come to Paris in such numbers? (Harry Crosby was an ex-

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ception: he spoke French beautifully, was under the literary spell of Rimbaud and had easy access to the French aristocracy. But even he found himself homesick for America—which he hated—and plagued by contempt for the French.) The conventional inventory of reasons why Americans crossed to France includes the following: (1) disillusion with money-grubbing and boosterism, (2) Prohibition, (3) America's postwar failure to assure world peace unto eternity, (4) America's refusal to honor its artists, (5) the familiar affection with which large numbers of young American men embraced the Paris they had met during the war and (6) resentment of the middle-aged and middle-classed by their better-educated children.

The prophet of trans-Atlantic migration was Harold Stearns, a member of the class of 1911 at Harvard, a comer whose symposium titled *Civilization in the United States* concluded that there was no civilization in the United States. On publication day in 1921 Stearns sailed for France, and promptly and permanently failed there, as the author of any one of 50 Paris memoirs will feel obliged to tell you. Stearns became a figure of fun, a deadbeat cadging drinks from the uninitiated, the clownish Harvey Stone in *The Sun Also Rises,* a man who made his living as the racing tout "Peter Pickem" in the Paris edition of the Chicago *Tribune.*

Is it not instructive that the only true theoretician of expatriation was regarded by his fellows as a buffoon? The movement to Paris was never a conscious, articulated program among those who profited from the migration. It was a common-sensical and temporary exploration by people who went there to enjoy the company and instruction of people they admired who were there before them. Hemingway went to meet Stein and Pound, and Callaghan went to join Hemingway. It was a natural flow, and a pleasant way to spend some youth.

Not that anti-Americanism wasn't a real and propelling force. Those who go always feel superior to those who stay, and a patina of snobbish high culture covered all Americans in Paris as they looked home across the ocean toward their stay-at-home-bumpkin cousins. Harry Crosby confided to his notebook that "I doubt if anyone in Boston could do anything which would make a person in Paris even change an expression." He chafed against what he regarded to be America's ruling slogan: *Not Allowed!* And he believed there were "only two great diseases in the world today [1925]—Bolshevism and Americanism; and Americanism is the worst of the two, because Bolshevism only smashes your house or your business or your skull, but Americanism smashes your soul."

Stein stayed, but all the rest—even Harold Stearns—came home to get on with their business, whatever it was. Crosby came home to kill himself—he had always planned to kill himself in Paris—because he must have realized that the Parisians would only have shrugged. The Parisians don't live off legends, or by nostalgia. Which is why Paris is a good place to be, still.

In addition to those memoirs I have mentioned in the course of this essay, there are others, God's Plenty: *Exile's Return,* by Malcolm Cowley (Viking, 1951). This, together with Stein's *Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* and anything Hemingway wrote about Paris, is the central text. Many people who were there argue violently with Cowley's summarizing, thesis-making impulses, but, intelligently and deftly argued, this book is the myth's most elegant statement. Ford Madox Ford's *Your Mirror to My Times* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1971) is a collection of his autobiographies, factually suspect, always self-serving. This is a case of an heroic, futile attempt to transfer a mythic impulse from Paris as its object to Ford. *Paris Was Our Mistress* by Samuel Putnam (Viking, 1947) is archetypal myth-mush: "What my wife and I were experiencing in the moonlit Tuileries that first night was the beginning of a deep ingrowing love for a city . . . a love which every true 'expatriate' felt. . . ." Morley Callaghan's *That Summer in Paris* mixes tough sense with such self-indulgent bushwah as this: "But whether saints or cafe friends there in Paris, weren't they all involved in a flight from the pain of life—a pain they would feel more acutely at home?"

Read carefully enough, any of these texts will let a lot of hot air out of many deflated balloons: both the author's hot air from the author's balloon and his fellow's hot air from his fellow's balloons. Any will assure you that the prototype of Lady Brett Ashley was neither bright nor honest nor handsome nor amusing. That most self-proclaimed artists in the Paris of the '20s made nothing but enemies and proclamations. And that Elaine's, compared with the Dôme, is a very parish of Christian generosity and brotherhood.

The dead letter

FINAL TRIBUTE

By Brandon Tartikoff

Alice started toward the car. "I'll write to you, Bea," she said.

Bea started to cry, "No you won't. People say they will, but they never do."

from the movie *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore*

The scenario goes as follows:

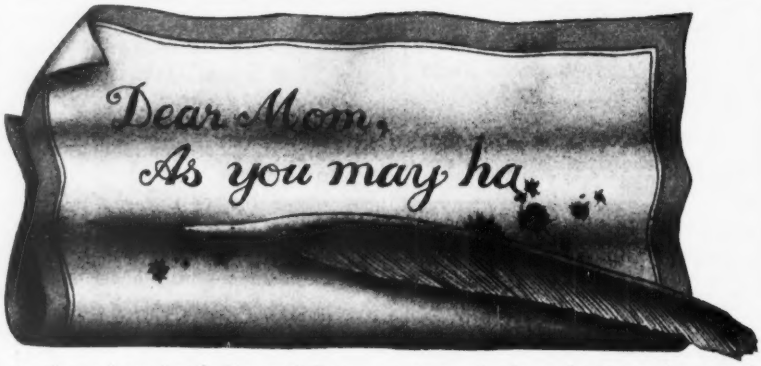
The end of the day anticipation on opening the mailbox. A friend's letter pops out from among the bills and fliers. You immerse yourself in it, picking up the moods, the style, even the familiarity of the handwriting—it's not every day you get a personal letter.

After a rereading or two, the pleasure subsides and the guilt sets in. You owe a letter again. Days and weeks pass until you realize that the onus of response has now been escalated from two pages to three (you've got to spend the first page apologizing for being so late). You now approach your mailbox not with anticipation, but with dread of finding a second letter from your friend. It's usually at this point that a late night long-distance call starts looking like a reasonable way out.

Thus, one more correspondence becomes yet another wastebasket case. Yes, friends and neighbors, the personal letter is D E A D in America. And if you don't believe me, the Office of the Postmaster General has the facts. Of all the mail moved in the country last year (51.6 billion), roughly 50 percent was first class. But of that category, 90 percent is business or trade-related. Of the remaining 10 percent, the greeting card industry, those manufacturers of sentiment, rightfully claims half as their own—everything from Christmas cards to get-well-soon to kiss-me-you-fool. Using the latest census figures for the U.S. population (14 and up), we arrive at a whopping average of eight letters per year per person. Perhaps that doesn't surprise you, because maybe you too have stopped writing letters. A lot of people have, so much so that the personal letter count has been steadily declining over the last 15 years.

Had the letter been superceded by something cheaper or better or both, there would be little point in mourning its passing. But its higher priced substitute, the long-distance phone call, despite the obvious advantages of two-way communication, has not replaced the personal letter's inherent values. The letter, after all, was the novel's initial form (Defoe, Richardson, et al.), and there still remains something literate about even the most dashed-off correspondence. Somehow, letters always managed to reveal more of the writer than he intended. And how often would the writer himself stumble upon insights and ideas simply by addressing himself herself, whose long-distance calls have increased 430 percent in volume in the past 20 years. As the current advertising slogan goes, "Good friends are for keeps. Keep in touch . . . with long distance." And if you don't think the phone company views itself in competition with the mails, try getting an address sometime from Directory Assistance.

Mostly however, the culture itself militates against the survival of the letter. One would think that today's highly mobile society—20 percent of the names in major-city telephone books change each year—would especially rely on correspondence. Yet we've become afflicted with People Overload. Given a complex of long-distance, short-term relationships, one is faced with the ultimatum: be selective in your



to the task at hand. Personal letters were truly a chronicle of our daily lives, the most common art form of the people, now given way to the instantaneous, undisciplined ephemerality of brief exchanges and hearty hellos. And, oh yes, those eternal friendship cards.

To what do we owe the loss of the letter? An outraged few might condemn the rising cost of postage, which stood at 3 cents until 1957 and now threatens to reach 13 cents in 1975. But that price hike is hardly out of line when compared to price jumps of other incidentals, such as candy bars and newspapers, both of which have also gone up 10 cents in the same interim.

More to blame may be Ma Bell communication or be doomed to spending all your leisure time maintaining it. The age of the disposable friend has arrived.

A good personal letter requires an environment in which one can step back, reflect on his activities, take hold of his thoughts and whims and "put it in writing"—commit all this to paper in a meaningful way. Present-day America, with its wall to wall Muzak, fast foods and freeways, has moved far from nurturing those kind of sensibilities. Was it not Mark Twain who once wrote, "I didn't have the time to write you a short letter, so I wrote you a long one"? Well, nowadays, people don't have time for either.●

ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD EGIELSKI

SMIRNOFF VODKA. 80 & 100 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS. (DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN, INC.) HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

The Southpaw

(Smirnoff, cola and a squeeze of lemon.)

If America has a beverage to call its own, it must be cola. In fact, we took good old cola so for granted that in our search for interesting things to mix with Smirnoff, we overlooked it until now.

So it was with a sense of correcting this oversight that we mixed Smirnoff and cola, added a squeeze of lemon and dubbed it the Southpaw.

We hope you'll find the result as tasty as we do. But we might remind you, since there's a time and place for everything, that cola by itself tastes pretty good too.

To make a Southpaw, pour 1½ oz. of Smirnoff into a tall glass of ice, fill with cola and add a squeeze of lemon.

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless®

ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD EGIELSKI

Oh,
the disadvantages
of our
longer cigarette.
Benson & Hedges
100's
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Oct. '74.
Regular and Menthol